Beaver Gen'l James A Meh 13

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HARRY HOOVER'S COURAGE SAVED 2 COMPANIONS

David J. Gingery and Hiram Shaffer Rescued in Mountains

ALL THREE WERE LOST

Harrowing Experience Attends Trip of Two Centre Countians to Inspect Timber in Mountains Near Clearfield Last Week.

Lost in the mountains in Clearfield County, exhausted by many miles of tramping through the snow and only saved from death from exposure by the timely arrival of assistance was the harrowing experience of David J. Gingery, of Martha Furnace; Harry Hoover, of Julian, and Hiram Shaffer, of Clearfield on Wednesday night of last week. To the fighting courage of Harry Hoover, reinforced by a splendid physical system, is due the fact that all three did not lose their lives. From sheer exhaustion Mr. Shaffer fell helplessly in the snow and was only rescued shortly after 11 o'clock in the night. Mr. Gingery was found about 1.30 o'clock in the morning, almost frozen to death, huddled in a corner of the Montgomery Hunting Camp which is located deep in the mountains between DuBois and Curwensville. Of the trio, Mr. Hoover was the only one whose strength held out until help could be secured. When he was all but exhausted he staggered into the home of a family on the Penfield Pike. The alarm was given, several persons started out in quest of the missing men, and it was hours later when both men were rescued.

Fate seemed to toy with Mr. Gingery in a strange manner during the several hours he lay unconscious in the Montgomery Hunting Camp. He and his companions, already having wandered aimlessly for several hours, landed at the Montgomery Hunting Camp just as darkness was setting in. Mr. Gingery was unable to travel any farther. With one of three matches in the party a card on the door was examined and the name of the camp thus was learned. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Shaffer concluded to continue on. Mr. Gingery tottered into the cabin and collapsed on the floor. He rallied some time later and managed to build a fire. He again lapsed into unconsciousness and when he revived it was to find the cabin choked with smoke. The fire had burned the floor of the cabin to a point within an inch or two of his feet. The dampness in the floor alone caused the fire to go out, thereby saving him from being burned to death.

Some time ago Mr. Gingery, who is a dealer in lumber, purchased a quantity of timber on a tract owned by Mr. Shaffer. Accompanied by Mr. Hoover and Mr. Shaffer he visited the tract on Wednesday to arrange for the cutting of mine ties and props. Mr. Shaffer, who is about 55 years of age, was regarded as the one man in the party familiar with the mountain section and he undertook to guide Mr. Gingery and Mr. Hoover when they were ready to start for home. This was just about the noon hour. The three men tramped through six inches of snow for an hour or more before it dawned on them that they were not getting into open country. Suddenly they recrossed their tracks, bringing home to them with horror that they had been traveling in a circle. By this time they had nothing in the way of tree markings to guide them and they struck out blindly, hoping that good fortune would lead them in the right direction.

Another hour, and still another, the three men tramped wearily on, each additional mile bringing them no nearer to civilization than when they first learned to a certainty that they had become lost. Night was fast approaching and they were discouraged. Several miles farther on they suddenly espied what they thought was a building. The hope that it was the home of some family where they might be sheltered through the night gave them new courage and new strength, and they pushed forward as best they could until they landed at the door of what proved to be a cabin. It required but a glance to tell them that the cabin was unoccupied.

"I can go no farther," said Mr. Gingery to his companions. "You two go on and leave me here. I'll stay until somebody comes for me."

A match was lighted and the name of the hunting camp was deciphered on a weather-beaten card which fortunately had been tacked upon the cabin door. With words of encouragement to him to hold out to the last, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Shaffer bade goodbye to Mr. Gingery and

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WOULD TIE UP CENTRE IN DEM. CONG. DISTRICT

May Link us With Clinton Lycoming, Mifflin and Juniata.

DEMOCRATS DELIGHTED

Republicans Who May Not be Tickled Over the Plan Should Mail Protest to Representative Gramley and Senator Alexander.

Sunday's Philadelphia and Pittsburgh newspapers published Harrisburg despatches announcing that the proposed congressional reapportionment for the State includes an important change to Centre County. At present Centre County is attached to Clearfield, Cameron and Elk comprising the Twenty-first district. It is proposed attaching Centre to Lycoming, Clinton, Mifflin and Juniata. Just what the political complexion of such a constituted district would be is pretty hard to figure out. In 1908 Lycoming for President voted 8708 Republican and 7144 Democratic; Mifflin voted 2902 Republican and 1799 Democratic; Juniata voted 1765 Republican and 1414 Democratic; Clinton voted 3477 Republican and 2547 Democratic; Centre voted 4927 Republican and 3998 Democratic. Tthe Republican majority in the five counties was 4927. At the same election these five counties gave Porter, Republican, for Superior Court Judge, 3810 over Grim, Democratic.

In 1909 the five counties gave Clark, Democratic, for Auditor General, 2038 over Sisson, Republican. In 1910 for Governor the five counties gave a combined vote for Grim and Berry of 17,403 as compared with 8164 for Tener, a difference of 9239.

Recent elections render difficult anything like a strict party analysis of the complexion of the district, although based on the figures given above it would seem to be a Democratic congressional section into which it is proposed shelving Centre County. Such being the case, this newspaper frankly declares its opposition to the proposed change.

SCHOOL CASE DECIDED

Judge Orvis Sustains Ferguson Township School Board.

Judge Orvis on Tuesday handed down an opinion in the much-discussed Ferguson township school case, refusing a petition for an alternative mandamus compelling the school district to convey children to and from the school. The writ was applied for by H. C. Houck and testimony was taken some week ago, as was published in these columns at the time. Involved in the suit was the question whether a road leading to the school was a public or private highway. The petitioner contended that it was a public road and that the children should be conveyed from their homes to and rom the school, as provided for in the School Code. The school district claimed the road to be a private highway, that if the children would present themselves along the nearest public road they would be within walking distance of the school. Judge Orvis placed the costs of the case on the school district.

In his opinion Judge Orvis held in favor of the plaintiff in the matter of the status of the section of road referred to. He set forth that the plaintiff's children attended a nearer school which this season has been closed owing to the small attendance. Judge Orvis holds that the board exercised reasonable discretion in closing this school. The plaintiff's children were then assigned to the next nearest school, a distance of more than a mile and a half. The plaintiff asked that his children be transported to and from the school, the school board refusing. Judge Orvis sets forth that especially during the inclement winter season "it would be proper and right for the school board to grant the transportation," but adds "that we have judicial power to compel the said board to adopt this recommendation presents an entirely different question."

In conclusion Judge Orvis rules that the School Code in every other portion but Section 1406 on which the suit was filed "makes the question of transportation discretionary" and that "the only proper construction of this particular section would be to read 'shall' as 'may'. Judge Orvis then states that the plaintiff's petition is denied, explaining that the question is one of public moment and of general interest involving a nice construction of the School Code, and that the costs should be paid by the Ferguson township school district.

Valuable Points in Caring For Homes When Small Pox or Other Disease Prevails.

The following article has been taken from a pamphlet of The Dapartment of Health. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Rules to be observed in the care and management of cases of Smallpox:

Smallpox is one of the most readily communicable of all infections diseases and may be communicated at any time from the first symptoms to the falling of the last scab or crust.

While smallpox sometimes appears in a very mild form it should be remembered that the most malignant type of this disease may be contracted from the mildest case.

Whenever possible, cases of smallpox should be removed at once to a contagious hospital for treatment. When this can not be done the patient should be confined to one well ventilated room with screened windows, preferably a room with a southerly exposure and as remote as possible from other occupied rooms in the house.

This room should be stripped of draperies, carpets and upholstery and all other furniture not necessery for the comfort of the occupants. A sheet should be hung over the doorway, from top to bottom and kept moist with a solution of Bichloride of Mercury (poison). To prepare this solution dissolved eight (8) Bichloride of Mercury tablets in one (1) gallon of hot water.

Soiled bed and body clothing or articles soiled by vomited matter must be thoroughly disinfected. This may be done by boiling for thirty minutes, or by use of some of the following chemical disinfectants.

Make up disinfecting solutions by adding one-half ounce of Chlorinated Lime (Chloride of Lime or Bleaching Powder) to one gallon of water, or three teaspoonfuls of liquor Cresolis Compositus, or three teaspoonfuls of Creolin or eight teaspoonfuls of a solution of Formaldehyde (at least 37½ per cent) to a pint of water. The solution of Formaldehyde is preferred.

Place all such clothing in the vessel immediately upon its removal from the bed or body of the patient, and allow it to soak for at least three hours after which it should be boiled for one hour.

Cloths used for the collection of the discharges from the nose and throat should be burned.

Receptacles containing the Liquor Cresolis Compositus or the Formaldehyde Solution should be kept outside the door of the sick room for the reception of plates and eating utensils of all kinds.

Remnants of food left by the patient should be wrapped in clean paper wet with an antiseptic solution and thrown into the fire.

The nurse, or attendant, should not use eating utensils or drinking vessels from the sick room nor should she permit others to do so until such articles have been boiled for at least one-half hour.

A basin or other vessel containing Bichloride of Mercury solution (one tablet to one quart of water) or other good antiseptic solution should be kept constantly made up so that the hands may be immediately washed after handling any secretions or clothing from the patient.

The discharges from the bowels, or any vomited matter should be disinfected by the addition of a quantity of the standard solution of Chlorinated Lime (Chloride or Lime or Bleaching powder) or Liquor Cresolis Compositus, sufficient to more than cover the discharges or, if the discharges are liquid, of a quantity equal in bulk.

The formed mass should be thoroughly stirred and the vessel with contents should be allowed to stand at least one half hour before emptying. Never empty the discharges upon the surface of the ground or into a stream.

If a sewerage system exists, use it, but only after a thorough disinfection of the discharges.

If a privy well exists, use that. If not, bury the disinfected material one foot below the surface of the ground and not less than one hundred feet from a well or water course. It must be out of the reach of dogs and rats as they may carry the filth on their feet into residences.

Add a disinfecting solution to all water that has been used for bathing the patient, and dispose of it in the same manner as the body discharges.

The nurse or attendant should wear only washable clothing, with a protective covering for the hair, when released from the sick room she should take a disinfecting bath of Bichloride of Mercury, 1 to 4000, made by dissolving two Bichloride of Mercury tablets in every gallon of water used. Be sure to disinfect the hair and scalp with the same solution. This should be followed by a plain soap and water bath.

The air of the sick room cannot be disinfected during occupancy by the patient.

The practice of hanging up cloths saturated with carbolic acid or of placing saucers of Chlorinated Lime or proprietary disinfectants in the sick room is not only annoying to the patient, but useless and often injurious.

An abundance of fresh air should be admitted to the room, but the patient should be protected from direct draughts.

Every effort must be made to exclude flies from the room and any that by chance find entrance must be killed.

Dogs, cats and other pets in the household must be quarantined and disinfected, and if found running loose must be killed.

Kissing the patient should be prohibited.

Prior to patients release from an isolated room from quarantine they must be free from every vestige of the disease, the skin being free from pocks, smooth save for pitting and perfectly healed wherever invaded.

When the patient has recovered and the quarantine is to be raised, the patient must be given complete baths with a thorough shampooing of the hair two or three days in succession and a final disinfecting bath must be given under the direction of the physician, especial attention being given to the disinfection of the hair and scalp. This bath may be prepared by dissolving two Bichloride of Mercury tablets in every gallon of water used. Follow this with a plain soap and water bath.

After bathing, the patient must be wrapped in a clean sheet handed from without, step into a non-infected room and dress in clothing that has been disinfected.

As disinfecting agents are poisonous when taken internally, such drugs and solutions must always be plainly labeled and kept out of the reach of children.

DISINFECTION.

The sick room and everything in it and all other rooms in the house must be disinfected by Formaldehyde gas and sulphur. This disinfection must be done by [illegible] Health Officer.

The bed and body clothing must be disinfected by boiling or soaking for three hours in one of the antiseptic solutions already described. Such articles as are not of great value should be burned, for instance inexpensive books and play things; metallic objects should be washed with Liquor Cresolis solution and then coated with vaseline to prevent tarnishing.

QUARANTINE.

The law requires health authorities to place a warning placard in a conspicuous place, on all premises where smallpox exists.

When establishing quarantine all members of the household, including persons temporarily resident after the appearance of the eruption and others known to have been exposed shall be at once located and vaccinated and quarantined.

Such persons may, however, after vaccination and thorough disinfection of clothing and person, under the supervision of an authorized agent of the Department of Health, be paroled under observation during a period of eighteen days from the date of last exposure.

By "parole under observation" is meant that all persons so liberated shall have their temperature taken daily by a physician appointed by an authorized agent of the Department of Health, who shall promptly quarantine any such person presenting any physical sign or symptom of smallpox until it is certain that such person is not suffering from that disease.

Upon the refusal of any person exposed to smallpox to be vaccinated and to perform the required disinfection as detailed above, such persons shall be subject to absolute quarantine for a period of eighteen days from date of last exposure together with the minimum period of quarantine, and such additional time as may be necessary for their complete recovery in the event of their contracting the disease.

In all cases provision shall be made whereby those in quarantine will be provided with necessary food, medicine etc. A day and a night guard are necessary for the delivery of such supplies, the transmission of oral messages from the household and to answer emergency calls for physicians and other purposes.

Provisions, medicine, supplies, mail matter, etc., shall be left by the guard in a convenient location where they may be reached by the inmates without the latter going outside the infected house.

No article of any sort whatsoever shall

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37 SMALL POX CASES IN CENTRE COUNTY

Facts Presented to Disprove Exaggerated Rumors.

ALL IN FEW HOMES

About Sixteen Houses Quarantined—One Patient Discharged Yesterday—Health Officer Dr. Huff Gives Official Records.

Several new cases of smallpox have been reported in the last week. The Edward Struble home was quarantined owing to the illness of Mrs. Struble. Mrs. Grover Solt became ill while at the Gustave Emel home, on Beaver Street, and the house was accordingly quarantined. The James H. Weagley home was quarantined on Tuesday, Mr. Weagley being ill. The Hassinger home, at "Red Roost," has been quarantined, one member of the family being ill. The Calvin Corl family, on one of the Hale farms nearby town, is still quarantined, Mrs. Corl being ill. The Smith home, on Bishop Street, quarantined several weeks ago, was fumigated yesterday and the quarantine lifted. This was the first house in town to be quarantined. The James Williams home, nearby Lemont, was quarantined on Monday, Mr. Williams being ill. Reports that his condition was alarming were set at rest yesterday by Dr. L. E. Kidder, of Boalsburg, the attending physician, who said that Mr. Williams was getting along satisfactorily.

The fact that there are a number of cases of smallpox has resulted in many exaggerated reports over the county, some reports giving the total number of cases as anywhere from 60 to 70. "The Republican" yesterday asked Dr. S. M. Huff, State health officer for Centre County, for a direct statement of the facts. To him all known cases are reported and entered upon his records. Dr. Huff said:

"There are 38, or rather 37, cases of smallpox at this time. There were 37 cases until today, the quarantine being lifted on the Smith home on Bishop Street reducing the number to 37. This number represents all cases since the disease was first reported some weeks ago. There are in Bellefonte borough eight or nine cases. With the exception of one case nearby Lemont all of the known cases are within Bellefonte borough or just outside the borough lines. The cases in Bellefonte borough are confined to six or seven families, and the cases outside the borough are confined to about the same number of families. These are the facts in the matter and they should at once disprove the exaggerated rumors in circulation."

Dr. Huff also furnished a list of the cases of which he has record, bearing out his assertion as to the total number reported from the start. Of the 38 cases there are six scheduled in one family, alone, that of Mr. Corl. In this instance there have been five recoveries, with Mrs. Corl still ill. The six cases are carried on the record, however, until all are discharged. In each of eight homes two members of the family are or have been ill, while in one family there are or have been three cases. This explains why with 38 or 37 cases of smallpox not more than half that number of homes are or have been quarantined.

Beaver-Prince Nuptials.

The wedding of Thomas Beaver and Miss Millicent Prince was solemnized at the home of the latter's sister, Mrs. Donald S. Potter, on East Curtin Street, on Saturday evening at 6.30 o'clock. The ceremony, was performed by Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes, pastor of the Presbyterian church. The wedding was informal. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Prince, of Crafton, parents of the bride; Miss Rose Prince, a sister of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Donald S. Potter, General and Mrs. James A. Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. H. Laird Curtin, Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Sheffer, Rev. Dr. and Mrs G. E. Hawes, Hon. Robert McAfee, Secretary of the Commonwealth, an uncle of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert A. Beaver; and Hon. John Francies, superintendent of construction of the new penitentiary. Mr. and Mrs. Beaver departed on the evening train on their honeymoon tour.

Will Hold Festival.

The ladies of the Reformed church of Pine Grove Mills will hold a festival in the I. O. O. F. hall, at Pine Grove Mills, on Saturday evening, February 15th. All are cordially invited.

WILLIAM BARNES' DEATH RESULT OF ACCIDENT

Former Bellefonte Boy Run Down by Street Car in Pittsburgh.

EXPIRED IN HOSPITAL

Lingered Several Days Following Accident, Which Happened as He was Starting for Bellefonte—Remains Brought Here for Burial.

William J. Barnes, a former Bellefonte boy, and brother of Homer P. and Chester Barnes, of this place, died in St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburgh, last Friday night, from injuries sustained by being struck by a street car on the previous Tuesday afternoon. Several months ago, while working for the Bessemer Steel Company, he lost the sight of one eye as the result of an accident in the mills. He was on his way to the railroad station in Pittsburgh to take a train for Bellefonte on the day he was run down by the street car. The accident happened at Thirty-fourth Street and Penn Avenue. There is a double-track system. He happened to step from one track onto the one adjacent and the next instant was knocked down by a rapidly moving car. He was rendered unconscious and remained in that condition until he died. His body was brought to Bellefonte on the noon train from Tyrone on Tuesday. Interment was made from the Barnes home at 2.30 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon.

At the time of his death the deceased was not quite 40 year of age. Years ago he was one of the best known and most popular boys in Bellefonte. He was a High School graduate and a son of the late Howard Barnes, who was at one time engaged in business in Bellefonte. Some years ago Will went to Pittsburgh, where he was employed in the Westinghouse works. He was employed in one of the southern States for a time, finally returning to Pittsburgh and entering the employ of the Bessemer Steel Co. While with that company he several months ago met with the accident which cost him the sight of one eye. This misfortune, it seemed, was to eventually be in a measure at least responsible for the accident last week which resulted in his death. Surviving the deceased are a widow and two children, aged 4 years and 18 months, respectively. These brothers and one sister also survive: Homer P., Chester and Miss Daisy Barnes, of Bellefonte; H. J. Barnes, East Liberty; Charles P. Barnes, Keokuk, Iowa.

20 LICENSES GRANTED

Those From Philipsburg and Millheim Held Under Advisement.

Judge Orvis on Monday, last, granted twenty of the group of applications for liquor licenses in the county. Those granted represent all but the thirteen applications from Philipsburg and one from Millheim. He held the latter for further consideration. It will be recalled that remonstrances were filed against all applicants from Philipsburg. There was no remonstrance against Isaac Shawver, at Millheim, but Judge Orvis concluded to hold the application for further deliberation. Applicants not receiving their licenses by April 1st will be compelled to remain closed until licenses may be grated.

The licenses granted on Monday were the following:

W. L. Daggett, Horton S. Ray, James A. Noonan, Henry Kline and J. McC. Davis, all of Bellefonte.

James W. Runkle, Centre Hall.

A. J. Fitzpatrick, Howard.

Lawrence Redding and John G. Uzzle, Snow Shoe.

Henry J. Kohlbecker, Central City.

Moses C. Stover, Spring Mills.

Clarence E. Long, Rebersburg.

James M. Moyer, Potters Mills.

Edward Royer, Old Fort.

L. E. Stover, Coburn.

Frank W. Hess, Sandy Ridge.

George W. Rickets, Cassanova.

John M. Kachik, Clarence.

Lawrence Nugent, Cassanova, and John Boyce Clarence, wholesalers.

Hospital Notes.

Operations—Mrs. Maria Tate, Unionville; Homer Keene, Frank Kerstetter, Coburn; Carl Korman, Bellefonte.

Discharged—Charlotte Milton, Julian; Mrs. Jennie Miller, Bellefonte.

Charter for Trust Co.

A charter was granted last Friday for the Farmers' Trust Company, of State College, capital $125,000.

CENTRE COUNTY BANQUET

Philadelphia Society's Ninth Annual Dinner Delightful Success.

The ninth annual banquet of the Centre County Society of Philadelphia was held in that city last Saturday night and proved a delightful success. The Philadelphia "Public Ledger" on Sunday published the following account of the dinner:

More than 60 natives of Centre County dined at the Continental Hotel on Saturday evening, recalled scenes of childhood, repeated anecdotes of their home county, and with their wives and daughters sang of the beauties of what they declared to be the greatest county in the Sate. The occasion was the ninth annual banquet of the Centre County Association of Philadelphia.

Centre County boasts of having been the birthplace of innumerable folk who have attained prominence in this city.

George McCurdy, president of Common Council, a guest of the association, delivered the address of the evening, and the Rev. Dr. Robert Harkinson delivered the invocation. Before the feasting had been concluded almost every member had made an address, however brief. In an elaborate musical programme the participants were Miss Anna F. Schaeffer, Mrs. Mary H. Magee and the members of the Puritan Musical Club. The celebration was in charge of a committee of twelve, of which the chairman was Ira D. Garman. There was also a ladies' committee of seven, the chairman of which was Mrs. Magee.

Among those present were: Miss Maude Ard, Mrs. David J. Beale, Dr. John C. C. Beale, Miss Henrietta Butts, Mrs. Ella H. Cooke, Dr. Roland G. Curtin, Mrs. David Daily, Mrs. Ella S. Edwards, Thomas Foster, Thomas Foster, Jr., William S. Furst, Mrs. William S Furst, Ira D. Garman, Mrs. Ira D. Garman, Rev. Dr. Robert Harkinson, Mrs. R. Harkinson, Herman Haupt, Mrs. Herman Haupt, Mrs. M. E. R. Keller, Miss R. Louise Keller, John S. Keller, Mrs. Jennie Leopold Miss Mary Lewis, Mrs. C. T. Lichten, Max Liveright, Miss Abby Loughrey, John L. Loughrey, John B. MacVeigh, Charles A. McClure, J. Harvey McClure, George McCurdy, Mrs. George McCurdy, William A Magee Mrs. Mary H. Magee, Forrest N. Magee, Dr. S. Gray Mattern, Mrs. S. Gray Mattern, Miss Nellie Mattern, L. Olin Meek, John L. Rankin, Dr. Stuart C. Runkle, Mrs. Stuart C. Runkle, W. B. Schaeffer, Mrs. W. B. Schaeffer, Miss Anna F. Schaeffer, Wm. G. C. Schaeffer, Jacob J. Schaeffer, Warner Underwood, Mrs. Warner Underwood, Miss Lydia Underwood, Dr. J. Harris Underwood. Mrs. J. Harris Underwood, Mrs. Charles Wilson, Harry I Wright, Mrs. Harry I. Wright, Miss Evelyn Wright.

Here's a Job Going Begging.

Having sent out an appeal for some one to pass an examination for the position of assistant in xylotomy in the Forest Service, the Civil Service Commission at Washington now wishes it hadn't. Ever since the call for a patriot who would bring to the job the qualifications for a college professor and consent to exchange his learning for a government salary of $1,000 a year, the commissioners have been busy explaining the meaning of the term. When the office opened a forbidding looking visitor was awaiting the chief clerk of the commission.

"Say, Bo," said the stranger, "I'm a carpenter and a guy gimme the hunch that you wanted a 'sillytommy.' Here I am. The guy told me it had something to do with 'woodworkin.'"

The chief clerk explained that under the examination requirements the aspirant for the place would have to elucidate many scientific problems, disclose a university training, a knowledge of botany and a complete mastery of the German language.

"What!" shouted the applicant making for the door, "All dat for $3.25 a day?"

The clerical force spent hours explaining to callers the meaning of the term. The word was not to be found in the dictionary.

Dog Causes Confession.

The death cries of a dog in a barn she had fired has led Julia Schlosser, a 15-year-old orphan, to confess that she started the fire, which destroyed all of the farm buildings of Mrs. Anna Schoops' estate, at Monmouth Junction, New Jersey, last Sunday, at a loss of $5000.

"I can't keep the noise of that poor dog out of my ears," she repeatedly told Mrs. Schoops, who had recently adopted the girl. "I'm tired of hearing you say that," the foster-mother said, "for you talk as though you had a guilty conscience and sent the poor dog to his death."

The girl then confessed, according to the authorities, who removed her to the State Home for Girls, where she had formerly been committed as an incorrigible. The only reason Julia gave for starting the fire was that she wanted to see some excitement and was tired of the monotony of farm life.

Accidents will happen, but the best-regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. It subdues the pain and heals the hurts.—Advt.

Dishes for Lenton Season.

Now that Lenten days will soon be here eggs and fish will prove the mainstay of life during the penitential seasons for many persons. Omelets are a standby that are everything that is good if properly prepared, but woe to one if they are not up to the culinary mark.

The following recipe for making an omelet may be relied upon: Beat the yolks of two eggs until lemon colored and thick. Add two tablespoonfuls of milk, a saltspoonful of salt and pepper to taste. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and cut and fold into the yolks, but do not stir or beat. Have the omelet pan well heated and buttered with a teaspoonful of butter. Rub the sides of the pan until every bit of the surface has been greased. When hissing hot turn in the mixture and spread evenly. Lift at once to the side of the fire and cook carefully, slipping a palette knife under to keep it from burning in the middle. Put into the oven a minute to dry the top, then roll over toward the right. Slip off on to a hot plate and serve as quickly as possible.

To vary the omelet one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley added to the yolks when beating transforms it into a parsley omelet. A few tablespoonfuls of grated corn make a corn omelet. Oysters parboiled and drained, cooked clams chopped fine or grated cheese spread over the omelet just before folding will give an oyster, clam or cheese omelet.

Other combinations that go well with an omelet are chopped onion, cold boiled salmon, shredded green peppers chopped fine or shrimps or mushrooms. A double folding skillet is unsurpassed for doubling an omelet.

There is a snappy egg dish which makes a welcome variety at the Lenton season. Chop two-thirds of a cupful of dried beef fine, stir it into a tablespoonful of butter in the saucepan, mix in a cupful of strained tomatoes, a tablespoonful of grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of dry mustard and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Let the mixture cook until the cheese is melted and then stir in four eggs. Have hot toast ready and serve the eggs on it with thin slices of lemon as a garnish.

Stuffed cabbage as it is served in vegetarian families is a substantial substitute for meat. A loose head of cabbage is best for the purpose. Soak this in cold water for an hour or so and then put it in a pot of hot boiling water and let it stand on the back of the stove for twenty minutes. At the end of that time drain the cabbage and very carefully, without breaking the leaves, press them back from the center and fill with the following mixture. A cupful of rice boiled tender, a cupful of English walnuts, three hard boiled eggs chopped fine, salt, pepper and a little minced parsley. In filling the mixture into the head put it in by the spoonful, beginning with the very heart, folding the leaves back after every filling and spreading them thinly with it. Then tie the head securely in cheesecloth and boil it in salted water for about an hour. Serve with white sauce.

There is a very appetizing dish made of kidney beans, grated cocoanut, chopped nut meats, with curry as a seasoning and rice as an accompaniment. Cook in a couple of tablespoonfuls of butter two big peppers drained from a can, a cupful each of grated cocoanut and the nut meats and two cupfuls of strained tomatoes for about three minutes. Then add a cupful of kidney beans that have been cooked tender and season with a teaspoonful of salt and half as much curry powder. Cook the mixture over hot water for about an hour and serve it in the center of a hot boiled rice border.

Ask $20,000 For Finger.

Suit has been instituted in the New Jersey Supreme Court by Albert S. Woodruff, of Camden, against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to recover $20,000 damages for the loss of a finger by Miss Bertha Stone, of Riverside, N. J. As Miss Stone is 18 years old, Henry Stone, her father, is named as the plaintiff.

In the declaration it's set forth that Miss Stone was a passenger on an early morning train to Philadelphia on November 23, 1912, and alighted at Palmyra Station. As she was passing through the door, she alleges, a movement of the train caused the door to close, crushing the middle finger of her right hand.

Miss Stone was a commercial student and a musician, and she asked the extreme damages, on the ground that she will be unable to follow either of these callings.

Divorces are 1 to 8.

If, after swearing by all the stars your love will never die, you stand up before a solemn looking minister and promise to love and all the rest, the chances are a little better than 1 to 8 that you'll be divorced in a few short years. That is what statistics show. The fifteenth biennial report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, compiled by John P. McLoughlin, State Labor Commissioner, of California, shows that the number of divorces has increased more rapidly than marriages during the past six years. With 28,967 marriage licenses issued in California, there were 3,969 final decrees of divorce ground out by the courts, which means that there were 13.6 per cent. as many divorces as marriages.

Paul Pry Police.

The German police have a consuming curiosity about the visitor. They are polite, but the curiosity must be satisfied, and it covers well nigh every point upon which information can be given, says Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick in "Home Life In Germany."

Before you have been in Germany a fortnight the police expect to know all about you. You have to give them your father's Christian and surname and tell them how he earned his living and where he was born; also your mother's Christian and maiden name and where she was born. You must declare your religion and if you are married give your husband's Christian and surname; also where he was born and what he does for a living. If you happen to do anything yourself, though, you need not mention it. They do not expect a woman to be anything further than married or single. But you must say when and where you were last in Germany and how often you have been and why you have come now and what you are doing and how long you propose to stay.

Emergency Gas Pliers.

If at any time you need a pair of gas pliers, perhaps to take off a gas tip that is not working well, and you have none at hand you can always make a pair that will do the work for the moment, although they might not be just the thing for a gas fitter. Take a large pair of scissors, and you will find that where the handles join the blades they usually open out into a sort of oval. By putting a piece of sandpaper or anything rough round the base of the gas burner you can place this open part of the handle of the scissors round it and then press the blades of the scissors together so as to get leverage enough to twist the burner loose. There are many little light jobs that can be done with a pair of pliers made out of a pair of scissors if you are careful to have something between the handle and the object so as to prevent the scissors from slipping off.—New York Sun.

The Baby and the Junk Scales.

When a son was born to the head of a certain family in an Ohio town the proud father rushed out of the house to borrow a pair of scales. Just as he dashed out of the gateway he ran into a junk dealer, who was calling out at the top of his lungs:

"Any rags, any bottles, any"—

"Look here!" exclaimed the excited parent. "Come into the house! I want you to weigh something for me."

The man did as requested. The pink mite was tied up in a towel and hooked on to the scales.

"Six pounds!" cried the nurse.

"Six pounds!" repeated the disappointed father.

The junkman smiled. "Don't let that worry you, my friend," said he. "Them is the scales I buys by. I guess the kid weighs ten pounds, maybe a little over that."—Detroit Free Press.

His Plea.

"'Blooged to go, sah," said the gruntled looking negro who had edged his way into the office of a prominent Arkansas attorney, "and I wants to git a divo'ce fum muh wife on de grounds dat she has done been th'owin' things at me fo' de last seven yeahs."

"Ah! And have any of the missiles seriously injured you?"

"Sah? No, sah! She didn't th'ow none o' dem sawt-uh ar-tickles at me; she dess flung dishes, and stove han'les, and skillets, and a 'casional cat or dog, or suppin' dat-uh-way. And dey didn't none of 'em hit me—dat is, twell yit. But wid all dis yuh practisin' some o' dese days she's gwine to git to be what they call a' expert and bust muh head!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Power of a Song.

A pleasant incident happened at the Crystal palace in London when Mme. Albani was once singing the "French Partridge." As soon as the concert was over one of the audience, a gentleman well known as a good shot and keen sportsman, called upon Mme. Albani and said, "Madam, I am sorry to say that I have shot many a little 'red leg' in my time, but after hearing you sing that song I will never kill another," a delicate compliment to a great singer—and to a song.

Two Ways.

A pompous physician who was inclined to criticise others was watching a stonemason build a fence for his neighbor, and thought the mason was using too much mortar. He said, "Jim, mortar covers up a good many mistakes, does it not?"

"Yes, doctor," replied the mason, "and so does the spade."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Too Costly.

"According to this paper," said Mrs. Naggs, "widows make the best wives."

"I don't doubt it, my dear," replied Naggs, "but nevertheless I don't feel justified in shuffling off at the present moment merely for the sake of making a good wife of you."

Love of Country.

Love of country is one of the loftiest virtues which the Almighty has planted in the human heart, and to treason against it has been considered among the most damning sins.—Emery Storrs.

Fitness.

Author (invited to a very poor dinner, to himself)—A miserable dinner! I'll have to take care that I don't let anything witty slip out.—Fliegende Blatter.

It is characteristic of a good man neither to go wrong himself nor to let his friend go wrong.

ARRESTED WHILE ASLEEP

Navy Deserter Captured in Shanty in Mountains Near Tyrone.

Frank Nash, a Tyrone boy, who for the past year has been a fugative from officers of the United States navy, was captured early Friday morning by County Detective James G. Spangler, and a posse, near the Mule Shoe reservoir, says the Tyrone Herald. Nash is a desperate character, and is wanted for escaping from a naval prison at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, after assaulting two of the guards.

The county detective and his men surprised Nash in a lonely shanty located far up on the mountain side. The man was prepared for a surprise, and at the head of his bed stood a shot gun, fully loaded and ready for action, while several revolvers, also ready for business, were near at hand.

Since assaulting the guards and escaping from the prison, there has been a price on Nash's head, and government officers have trailed him over the country from coast to coast. Several days ago he came to this section and it was learned that he was in a resort near South Altoona.

The county detective and a party left in an automobile early Thursday evening and after learning that Nash was not in the South Altoona place, started over the mountain for him. Twice the party became lost in the dark, but finally his cabin was located in a lonely spot near the reservoir. The officers surrounded the place, and entrance was effected without Nash being aroused. He was pounced upon and ironed before he was fully awake.

"You guys 'ud a had a hard time gettin me if I'd been awake," he declared as he was loaded in the automobile. He was taken to Altoona and locked up, andwill be turned over to the naval authorities within a few days.

Telephone Each Half Mile.

Some time ago the Pennsylvania Railroad Company began the work of equipping the main line with telephones, service phones being placed all along the line that can be used by trainmen when their trains are delayed or wrecked by any accidents, and the work has progressed to a point where there are now telephones established every half-mile between Altoona and Huntingdon, on the Middle division.

The plan of having all trains, passenger and freight, equipped with telephones, which could be attached to the overhead wires at any point where a train stopped and where it was necessary to communicate with headquarters, which it was at first thought would be adopted all over the Pennsy system, proved inadequate, for the reason that the individual telephones, carried on the trains, generally proved useless when attached to the phone lines running along the tracks.

Accordingly the plan was abandoned and the company has now determined to establish regular telephones, placed on iron posts along the right of way, at distances of every half mile all along the main. These are ordinary telephones and can be used by anyone whenever they are needed.

When the plan was adopted it was first tried on the Middle division, which extends from Altoona to Harrisburg, and as an experiment, telephones were placed every half-mile between Altoona and Huntingdon. These phones have at once proved their worth, being easy of access and available not only for train crews, but also for all trackhands, watchmen, etc., who may find anything wrong on the line.

Since they have been placed, it is now necessary for anyone, no matter if an accident happens exactly midway between two of the phone stations, to run not over a quarter of a mile to the nearest phone and telephone to the nearest offices for instructions and aid.

While the work of installing the telephones has only been completed between Altoona and Huntingdon, W. H. Balsley, Middle division operator, stated that the work will go on until there is a station telephone at every half-mile between Altoona and Harrisburg, while later it will be extended to the other divisions along the Pennsy's main line.

A Prayer.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us strength to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.—Advt.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED

I Will Prove It to You Free

J. C. Hutzell, R. P.

You who are suffering the tortures of Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum or other skin diseases—you whose days are miserable and whose nights are made sleepless by the terrible itching, burning pain—send you a trial of a soothing, healing treatment which has cured numerous which I believe will cure you. I will send it free, postage paid, without any obligation on your part. Just fill the coupon below and mail it to me, or write me, giving your name, age and address. I will send the treatment free of cost to you.

CUT AND MAIL TO DAY

J. C. HUTZELL, 115 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name..... Age.....

Post Office .....

State..... Street and No.....

PRESIDENT 6 YEARS

Also Limited to One Town by Proposed Change to Constitution.

A constitutional amendment which would restrict the President of the United States to a single term of six years, and would bar Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft from again seeking election, was approved by the Senate at Washington last Saturday by the narrow margin of one vote. After a three-day fight, in which the Progressives joined with many Republicans in opposing the restricted presidential term, the Senate adopted the original Works resolution by a vote of 47 to 23.

The language which it is proposed to insert in the Constitution in place of the first paragraph of article 2 is as follows:

"The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. The term of the office of President shall be six years; and no person who has held the office by election, or discharged its powers or duties, or acted as President under the Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof, shall be eligible to hold again the office by election."

The resolution goes to the House for its approval. If ratified there by a two-thirds vote it will be submitted to the Legislatures of the states, and will become effective when three-fourths of the 48 states of the Union have approved it.

Man Barks Like a Dog.

Fred Sanders, of Shamokin, was admitted to the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital at Philadelphia for treatment for a nervous condition, which causes him to yelp like a dog. The origin of the condition dates back twenty-seven years, when Sanders, who is now 34 years old, was struck on the head by a baseball bat.

While physicians were examining and learning the history of the case, the sounds from the patient, which resembled the bark of a dog as near as human sounds can, could be heard plainly in the office and corridors of the hospital. Sanders has been placed in a room apart from the public wards.

Accompanying these sounds is a twitching of muscles and limbs affecting the patient from his head to his feet. In the convulsions, which at times occur at intervals of every few seconds, Sanders draws back his arm as though to strike something with his fist. Other times he raises a leg in the motion of kicking.

In Shamokin, where Sanders is known by almost every one in town, people speak familiarly of the case and the injury which caused the unusual condition. When Sanders was 7 years old he attended a baseball game at Ashland. Jack Stivetts, of Ashland, who afterwards attained a national reputation as a pitcher for the Boston team, seveal times winner of the National League pennant, was just beginning to develop the skill which made him one of the greatest pitchers of his day.

Stivetts, a giant in stature, was at bat. The boy Sanders stood near the home plate. The bat slipped from Stivetts' hands as he swung at a pitched ball, and the end of it struck Sanders in the forehead.

Shortly afterward he began to yelp like a dog.

Marriage Anniversaries.

The celebration at the expiration of the first year is called the cotton wedding, two years, paper; three years, leather; five years, wooden; seven years, woolen; ten years, tin; twelve years, silk and fine linen; fifteen years, crystal; twenty years, china; twenty-five years, silver, thirtieth year pearls; fortieth year, rubies; fiftieth year, golden; seventy-fifth year diamond wedding.

Wanted.

Boys and girls to pack Non-Poisonous matches. Good wages and steady work. Apply at factory at once in person.—The Pennsylvania Match Co. 1-30-2t.

CONVICTED OF CONSPIRACY

Prominent Philadelphians Declared Guilty of Defrauding City.

Henry Clay, ex-Director of the Department of Public Safety; John R. Wiggins, and Willard H. Walls, contractors, were found guilty by a Philadelphia jury last Saturday of a charge of conspiracy to defraud the city. Carl B. Zilenziger, a city architect, who was also on trial on the same charge, was found not guilty.

The case had been on trial nearly four weeks and attracted wide attention in the city and State. It was charged that there was a conspiracy among the accused to have contracts awarded to Wiggins and Walls and that the contracts were not carried out according to the original specifications. The contracts were for the building of police and fire stations and public bathhouses.

The convicted men immediately asked for a new trial.

The jury was out nearly twenty-four hours. Pending a decision on the motion for a new trial, the convicted men were held in $5,000 bail, which was furnished.

Mr. Clay and the two contractors were stunned by the verdict, as they had expected an acquittal or at least a disagreement.

The Truth About Germs.

"After all, how much is there in all this talk about germs? Is not the street child healthier than the child who is taught to be cleanly?"

Every now and then questions like this are asked. Visit the slums if you want the most convincing answers. Find out how many babies die before they reach five years of age. See how few rosy cheeks there are. Ask sanatoria and hospitals where most of their sickness orginates? They will tell you from the streets.

But the question is asked. "How about the farmer's children? They play in the dirt all day long. Are they not healthy?"

They may be well, but the earth they play in is not teeming with germs as is the street dust. They have sunshine and fresh air unsoiled by the germs of the city. They are not crowded beside neighbors. The country boy is well and healthy not because his hands hands and face may be dirty, but in spite of this fact. Were he exposed to as many germs as the city boy, he would be just as sickly. Furthermore, if it is healthy to be careless about germs, why are so many typhoid fever epidemics in the country? Why is there so much tuberculosis?

As a matter of fact disease germs are very real things. They are living organisms. They are parasites which prey upon your vitality and change health to sickness. Be careful to avoid germs. It pays.

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 21st day of December, 1912, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF FEBRUARY,

being the 24th. day of February, 1913, and to continue two weeks,

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th., with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 14th day of January, in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff.
January 14, 1913.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bellefonte Lumber Co. will be held at the offices of the Company, in Bellefonte, Pa., on Monday, February 17, 1913, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

D. BUCK,
Secretary.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.

For sale at C. M Parrish, druggist..

A Singular Call

It Came From One Who Had Seemed Ungrateful

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH

I was starting for the office of the Henderson Wrecking company, by whom I was employed as a diver, when a boy stepped up to me and handed me a telegram:

Alec is caught in the Clapham reservoir. Come quickly and get him out.

MABEL.

I ran for the station to take a train for Clapham and found one made up to start in twenty minutes. But it seemed an hour before I was rolling out of the station on a fifty minute trip. While I am making it I will tell how I came to receive the telegram.

I received a common school education. One day in the school yard I saw one of the boys take a doll from a little girl, and, holding it by its legs, he smashed its china head against the hard, sandy ground. I walked up to the boy and without saying a word slapped his face. Of course there was a fight, at which I got the credit of having thrashed my antagonist. But this was rather because the boy I fought was in the habit of doing mean things for no cause whatever rather than for any advantage I gained over him.

The little girl whom I had befriended surprised me after the fight by making a face at me. Children are but ungrown men and women, and I suppose my resenting her ill treatment was like interfering in family feuds, for everybody knows that protection against tyranny in the case of those who are fond of each other is liable to result disastrously to the protector. Refraining from showing any feeling at the girl's ingratitude, I walked off with my hands in my pockets, whistling a tune to make it appear that it was a matter of no consequence.

During the rest of my school days I had the mortification to experience the ill will of both this boy and girl, both of whom seemed to have taken a dislike to me. It was a period when we were passing out of childhood into youth, and for the several years remaining before we finished school something about the girl—I knew not what—was growing upon me. Her treatment of me pained me—indeed, I would have given my best tennis racket for a smile from her. When our last term at school was finished I found myself in love with her. True, I was but sixteen years old and she fifteen, but my experience in the matter has proved that the younger the person the more violent the love.

It was very distressing for me to see a girl whom I had befriended and whom I loved not only showing repulsion for me, but lavishing her admiration upon the boy whose malicious treatment of her I had punished. But in matters of the heart one never knows what a woman will do, and a man is not much more to be depended upon. Be this as it may, I saw my love grow to womanhood lavishing her affection on the person who had out of pure deviltry smashed her doll. I think that as a child her turning against me was natural. As a woman it may have been encouraged by my rival.

Fate threw the three of us together not only as children, but after we had become men and women. The girl I secretly worshiped married my rival, and I attended their wedding, though rather as her guest than his, for my intimacy was always rather with her family than his. There was a coldness between me and him that never wore off. Whether his betrothed and afterward his wife suspected my feelings for her I did not know. But I did know that after her marriage she treated me in a much more friendly manner than before.

About the time we finished school and were ready to go to work a ship was sunk in the harbor on which we lived, and divers were sent down to put the chains under whereby to raise her. There can be nothing more interesting to a boy than a man dressed in a diving suit going under water, while those above pump air down to him. We boys were constantly on hand watching the process, and the consequence of it all was that several of us determined to adopt diving as a trade.

This brings me to my telegram. It was from Mabel Granger, the wife of Alec Granger, the two in whose childish companionship I had interfered many years before to my discomfiture. Alec and I had been divers ever since we left school, and now he, having been caught in a dangerous position, his wife had called on me to save him. During my journey to Clapham I could not drive from my mind that scene in the school, Mabel standing with her headless doll hugged to her bosom, making a face at me as I moved away, while Alec was brushing the dirt off his clothes with his hands.

Furthermore, there was every reason to believe that what I was called upon to do I would do at the risk of my life. If it were an easy matter to rescue Alec Granger I would not have been summoned. I saw in Mabel's telegram a cry for help in her distress. I can give no idea of my feelings at such a call. Let any one reading my story put himself in my place and try to conceive how he would feel. I can only say that among the confusion within me there was one predominant sentiment. I was eager to give comfort to the woman I still loved by restoring her husband to her.

When I reached Clapham I found a man waiting for me at the station with a carriage, in which we drove at a gallop to the reservoir. On the way he told me that Granger had been sent down to examine the outflow of water from beneath and while doing so had got caught in the powerful suction at the orifice through which the flood was escaping. Air was being pumped to him, but it had not been possible to draw him up. Two different men had been sent down to fix about him a rope strong enough to bear his weight and overcome the suction, but neither of them had dared go near him for fear of being sucked into the same position as he. It was upon this information that I realized fully that Mabel had called upon me to probably sacrifice my life in attempting to save that of her husband.

On reaching the scene of the trouble the group there all turned toward me. Mabel was present, and when my eyes met hers I was at a loss to understand the expression there was in them. I had expected to see a pathetic appeal. Whether she realized that such an appeal would be asking me to risk my own life, perhaps give it, for her husband, I did not know, nor do I know now. She simply looked at me. Perhaps she considered her telegram an appeal which should not be repeated.

I put on a diver's outfit, and a two inch cable was looped under my arms. I was lowered some distance from the hole through which the water was flowing and walked toward it till I began to slightly feel the suction. I stopped and saw Granger lying partly across the hole. After a few moments' thought I signaled to be brought to the surface. On reaching it I called for another two inch rope—besides the one under my arms—looped at the end. I would have preferred wire rope, but it was not at hand.

"What are you going to do?" I was asked.

"There's no way to save him but to go into the suction myself, place the rope under his arm and signal you to draw us both up."

"You'll both perish," was the response.

Mabel was looking at me, and my eyes met hers. We understood each other, though not a word was spoken. But what passed between us? Ah, that only we and the Lord know! Hanging the loop of the duplicate rope on my shoulder, I went down again. I had advanced but a few inches nearer to Granger than before when I was caught in the suction, and it seemed that a mountain was on me. I was pulled down on to him, and so strong was the current that I could not move the rope from my shoulder to put it around him. The only motion I could make was a lateral one with the current. Placing my hands and knees against him, I managed to move my body so that my shoulder, on which the rope rested, was near the top of Granger's head. I moved so that it slipped off, and by a great effort I guided it so that it went down over his head. He was lying on his back, and it would go no farther, but I managed to insert my knee between him and the masonry beneath him, and this enabled me to slip the rope down nearly to his waist. By a succession of efforts I got it below both hands, so that when moved back again toward his armpits it left the arms free.

I had now done all I could do. The question remained would the rope stand the strain of hoisting him—would he live till this question was decided? As to myself, only the first of these questions pertained. I was in my full strength. Granger just before my second descent had made a feeble pull on the cord.

I gave the signal and waited for the final act in the play for two lives. I felt a strain on the rope under my arms which soon grew to be terrific. I signaled on Granger's cord. The strain on me ceased, and the rope under him tightened. For a time I saw no movement in him; then I could discern one similar to the minute hand of a clock. He was slowly sliding away from over the hole. If he were removed and I remained I would be sucked into his position.

A machine on the capstan principle had been provided which would enable those above to pull us both up if the ropes would stand the strain. I pulled my own rope and Granger's at the same time. There was a halt, and in a few minutes the strain on both of us recommenced. The ropes slanted, and we very slowly began to move horizontally. I knew from the strain, which was intensely painful, that only the stoutest rope could stand it. We moved so slowly that I would not have known we moved at all had I not noted our positions in relation to the masonry. Suddenly the upper part of our bodies passed beyond the suction column of water, and the strain was perceptibly lessened. Then it diminished rapidly, and we began to rise.

There was no shout when we reached the surface, for it was not known whether we were alive or dead. Those present soon knew that I lived, for I motioned them to attend to Granger. When his helmet was unscrewed his wife removed it. Her head dropped on his breast, and I knew that he was dead.

No one could do enough for me to show appreciation of the risk I had taken to save a fellow man. When Mabel and I parted she conveyed her thanks by a pressure of the hand without looking at me. I heard nothing from her and did not go to see her for a year. The day after the anniversary of her being made a widow I called upon her. What passed between us I would not think of transcribing here, but within a few months she gave me my reward for my effort—herself.

Two Brothers

A Story of the Western Plains of Former Times

By TIMOTHY WENTWORTH

"This yere country," said the old plainsman, "is bein' civilized so fast that every time I come back to it I scarcely know it. Where there was a trail there's now a macadamized road. Where there was a few log houses there's a town lighted by electricity and runnin' trolleys. Where there was jewsharps or perhaps a fiddle there are now pianos. Where there was three card monte sharks, now there's the gentlemanly swindler. And the punishments is all changed too. If a man shot another in them days nobody took much notice of the fact, but they hung a hoss thief. Now, if a man shoots another, there's a murder case draggin' through the courts for years, and if a thief gets away with a team like enough the police is in cahoots with him, and the owner is glad enough to pay for gittin' the hoss back and no questions asked."

"Singular," I remarked to the old man, "how different conditions require different treatment."

"So they do," he rambled on. "The nearer you git down to nature the simpler the forms of law. But it isn't always so cold blooded down near the bottom as you'd suppose. I've known the most hardened villain to give his life for a woman or a child. There was lots o' misery in them days, just as there is now. Families would come out yere from the east, not knowin' what they was comin' to, git stranded and if it hadn't been for the help of some gambler or road agent would starve to death."

"Did you ever have any such experiences?" I asked.

"Waal, yes; so I did. I had one that turned out mighty important to me. Fact is, I hain't got over the effects of it yit. When these yere plains was covered with herds o' wild buffalo me and Jack Cundiff followed the business, huntin' 'em for their skins. In them days buffalo robes was used instead of the finer furs they use now and was a staple article in the market. That's what killed 'em off so fast. We that was huntin' 'em used to jist slaughter 'em for the money there was in 'em.

"What I was goin' to tell you about happened near the foothills of the Rockies west o' where Cheyenne now stands. It stood there then, but it was the terminus of the Union Pacific railroad, and a tough place it was, too, with its gamblin' and dance houses and other sich shebangs. Jack and I was in camp one day, as I was tellin' you, near the base of the mountains. Buffaloes were getting scarce, and we allowed we'd turn to prospectin' for gold. We didn't have anything with us that was wo'th anything except our hosses, so when we went to sleep nights we jist turned in without worryin' onless at the loss of the animals. Since a man couldn't git over the ground without one of 'em they was mighty valuable. Fact is, they was the most valuable thing to be had. And that's why we strung up the hoss thieves and didn't string up the men shooters. There was plenty of men, but only so many hosses, and each hoss would bring a good price at any time or anywhere.

"Jack Cundiff and I was smokin' our pipes after our noon meal of hog fat and crackers, talkin' over whether we'd better give up the buffalo skin business and try our luck at prospectin', when along comes two young fellers on foot and, seein' our camp, stopped and looked at us. They said somep'n to each other, then was goin' on, when I hailed 'em and asked if they didn't want anything. They came to where we was an' we had a powwow.

"They said they was brothers. The older one was middle height, but the younger was small. They was both so young that their beards hadn't sprouted yit, and they looked hungry. I asked 'em what they was doin' without hosses, and they said they didn't own any hosses. We questioned 'em where they'd come from and where they was goin', but they didn't seem to have a home, and I couldn't learn from 'em that they was goin' anywhere. Fact is, they was down on their luck.

"We offered 'em somep'n to eat, and they chawed it up mighty fast. Then I poured out a cupful of whisky and handed it to the oldest one of the two. He tried to drink it, but I could see plain enough it was burnin' out his throat. There wasn't any use givin' it to his brother. If the oldest couldn't drink the stuff the other shore couldn't. I thort the biggest one looked big enough to drink whisky, but I was not surprised at the little feller not wantin' it.

"They looked so tired that Jack and I asked 'em if they didn't want to stay with us awhile and rest. They said they'd like to git some sleep, so we laid out a buffalo skin for 'em, and they lay down beside each other, and fust thing we knowed they was fast asleep, the younger boy's arm throwed around the older one's neck. Jack and I looked down at 'em, and we felt so sorry for 'em that we allowed we'd do somep'n for 'em. So while they was a-sleepin' we stuffs some gold into their pockets. They must 'a' been mighty sleepy, for they didn't wake up while we was doin' it.

"About supper time we woke 'em, and when they seen we was goin' to make coffee and fry bacon the oldest feller said he'd like to pay his way by doin' the cookin' and seemed so anxious about it that we let him do it. Lord, how handy he was, handlin' the skillet just like a woman! He got into our supplies and found some cornmeal and made a mess of corn pone that beat anything of the kind I ever eat. I told him he must 'a' done cookin' for his livin'.

"When we'd had our meal he and his brother washed the dishes and wiped 'em jist as if we was all in a house. Jack and I had been used if we was near a creek to puttin' 'em in it and lettin' the water run over 'em, but we never thort o' wipin' 'em. It seemed too much trouble. When the boys got through we found they hadn't anything to smoke, and we offered 'em pipes. They both took 'em and puffed as if they'd never smoked before in their lives, but the fust thing I knowed the littler one turned white and went off behind a bush to get rid of his supper. The big one smoked only a few minutes when he laid his pipe down.

"'How old are you fellers anyway?' I asked. 'You act like a couple o' kids.'

"'I'm twenty,' said the big one, 'and my brother is seventeen.'

"'Twenty years old and can't drink or smoke?' I hollered. 'Where was you brought up?'

"He said they came from the east, but that was no news, for they both looked like tenderfoots that had been long enough in the country to git run down.

"So far neither of 'em had put his hands in his pocket, but the youngster when he come back from the bush lay down on the ground, and after rollin' over two or three times he caught sight of somepin' shinin' on the ground, picked it up and found it was a five dollar gold piece. You'd ought to seen the look on his face. Then he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out another one.

"'How did that come there?' he asked.

"'Haven't you got any of 'em?' I asked his brother.

"The feller put his hand in his pocket and pulled out some gold too.

"'See here,' he said; 'you men have been puttin' that gold in our pockets.'

"'Well, s'posin' we have,' I remarked.

"The brothers looked at each other mighty queer.

"'This is too much,' said the big one. 'If you knowed all about us you wouldn't 'a' done it.'

"He looked as if he was agoin' to cry.

"'Who are you?' I asked.

"'I think,' he said, lookin' at the other one, 'we'd better tell 'em the whole thing.'

"'Reckon we had.'

"That oldest one he began to tell us a story, and before he'd half finished he got to cryin'. That set his brother to doin' the same. I hate to see a man cry, and I told 'em to stop their blubberin'.

"'I can't,' said the one that was talkin'. 'I ain't a man; neither is he. We're girls. We're out to run off stock. Our folks is over there beyond the hills, starvin', and my sister and I allowed we'd got to go and git somepin' to sell for money to buy victuals with. Hosses is all that's worth anything, and we was goin' to light out tonight with two of yours. But your kindness has broken us all up. We can't do it.'

"Jack saw me feelin' for more gold, and his hand went to his own pocket. We handed out a couple o' more pieces and that opened the dam o' tears still wider. We told 'em it would be all right in the mornin'. We'd go over to where they lived and see what we could do for 'em. Then we spread all the buffalo skins we had, one over the other, to make a bed for 'em and put on a couple o' blankets for cover, and they turned in.

"I reckon that was the fust night's sleep they'd had in a long while without feelin' that the bottom o' the world was a-droppin' out under 'em. Jack and I didn't do nothin' till they got to sleep. We hadn't left ourselves anything to sleep on or under except our overcoats, and we allowed we'd keep up the fire all night, and we spread our coats over the girls, 'cause it's cold in that region when the sun's gone down.

"Next mornin' the girls got breakfast, and now I knew they was girls I wasn't so struck with the handy way they had and what good things they could make out o' our small stock o' provisions. After breakfast we all went over the hills to their home. We found a log hut and a family. The father was sick, the mother frightfully run down and the children the most miserable sight I ever saw. They'd come out to the west not knowin' what they was goin' to find, and they hadn't found nothin.'

"First thing Jack and I done was to go out and shoot a couple o' antelopes. There was a lake not far away with some good fish in it, and we pulled out some of 'em. We stayed with the family till we got 'em in pretty good condition so far as grub goes; then we went down to Denver and come back with a lot o' clothes. But they didn't stay where they was very long. The man got well and took 'em all to Denver, where he got a position with a firm that did a business he knowed all about, and pretty soon he was gittin' a good salary.

"Jack and I stayed in Denver, too, for we'd got tired prospectin', not havin' the luck to strike any big thing. We had a little money between us, and we went into buyin' minin' stock, first off odd lots, and, makin' suthin, we went on till we sized up a purty good pile. We found it easier to make money that way than prospectin'."

"What became of the two girls," I asked, "who were intending to run off your stock?"

"Oh, the girls? Why, I married the oldest one, and Jack Cundiff married the other."

REVENGE

Her Better Nature Conquered

By CLARISSA MACKIE

After it was all over and he was home again Willoughby Jones-Derrick stretched himself comfortably before his own hearthstone and agreed that it had turned out very well indeed—exactly as he had planned.

Mrs. Silvester had worn the yellow roses he had sent. He had reckoned on her looking especially well at the Ponsonby dance, but she had been actually beautiful—her charming little figure gowned in pompadour silk, and above her soft black eyes gleamed that crown of silvery white hair which distinguished her among the other women of her set—and uncertain age.

At just the right moment—when she was slightly bored with the commonplaces of the ballroom, when the first flavor of the dancing had departed—he had rescued her from the idiotic attentions of a worshiping youth and carried her off to a secluded nook in the conservatory which he had previously marked for the purpose.

Here, amid the tinkle of fountains and the plash of goldfish in the marble basins, with now and then a lulling murmur of music from the distant ballroom, amid the heavy scent of exotic flowers and the pure fragrance of countless roses, Willoughby solemnly and somewhat heavily, as became a Jones-Derrick, asked Lucia Silvester to marry him.

The result of this was that when they parted a few hours later Lucia was wearing beneath her little white glove the engraved emerald which was the traditional engagement ring of the Jones-Derricks and Willoughby had her promise that in the approaching Indian summer they would be married.

All this had been the result of careful planning and almost painful forethought on the part of Willoughby Jones-Derrick. He had lived forty-nine years of his life in the firm determination to die a bachelor. He loved too well the luxury of living for himself alone to share his liberal income with a wife who at best might shine brilliantly at costly entertainments and deplete a fortune which was ample for a prudent bachelor.

And in his fiftieth year his business agent reported that those sources whence came his inherited income were in danger of total elimination, even now were divided by one-half, and there was no escape from the impending doom of poverty except a good marriage. The impending doom was a secret between Willoughby and his agent. The idea of the good marriage was Willoughby's own. Quietly he had gone about it, and the result was most gratifying. There would be no cause for wonderment that the rich clubman should marry one of the richest widows in town.

So the last of the Jones-Derricks dreamily consumed several gold tipped cigarettes while he pondered the advantages of the new life that would open when he assumed the responsibility of becoming Lucia Silvester's second husband. It was a very pleasant outlook, for he admired Lucia as much as it was within his power to admire any one save his own punctilious self.

He frowned as he remembered the existence of the child, Annabel Silvester, and smiled when he recollected that little Annabel was safely ensconced in a French convent from which she would not emerge for some time.

Then he dismissed all disagreeable thoughts with a flirt of his cigarette into the grate.

It was quite two weeks afterward that Willoughby Jones-Derrick dropped into Mrs. Silvester's for a cup of tea. The drawing room was empty, but bore evidence of recent occupation.

"The ladies will be down immediate, sir," said the obese butler.

Jones-Derrick's brows were elevated for a brief instant and then crumpled into a frown. He had a beastly headache and did not feel like talking to a lot of chattering women; he needed Lucia's low, thrilling voice and quiet presence to charm away his indisposition.

"It's only Miss Annabel, sir," explained Martin discreetly. "She just arrove an hour ago, sir."

Willoughby stared haughtily at the presumptuous menial, and when the broad back had disappeared with undignified haste he transferred his gaze to his hat.

He felt that this unexpected intrusion of little Annabel would prove an obstruction to his present happiness. He would impress it upon Lucia that the child should be returned at—

The door closed gently, and he lifted his cold gray eyes and looked straight into the great brown orbs of—Anne Lange; Anne Lange, grown beautiful, her red hair softened to a less objectionable shade than when he had last seen her in a paint stained holland apron. Her creamy skin was guiltless of its powdering of golden freckles and her perfect features rendered more exquisite by the simplicity of her coiffure and the delicate beauty of her gown; the same Anne Lange he had known in Paris, only not the same. The innocent confidence had gone from the eyes and only hard scorn remained—for him. That contemptuous curl of the lip was for him too. Who would have expected to meet poor little Anne Lange in Mrs. Silvester's drawing room? Certainly not Willoughby Jones-Derrick.

He slowly rose to his feet and grasped his hat and cane with the desperate clutch of one who holds fast to some firm support. He met the satirical gleam of her eyes with wavering fear in his own.

"Anne—Miss Lange!" he gasped confusedly.

She bowed coldly.

A light came to him with startling suddenness.

"You are governess to the little girl, Annabel. That explains your presence here, I suppose?" he said, regaining his self possession with a masterful effort.

She smiled unpleasantly. He had not dreamed that Anne could have looked so vindictively at any one—romantic little Anne! She must have cared for him, indeed, and a thrill of regret stirred him that she could not be for him after all.

"And suppose I am the governess?" she inquired at last, and her beautiful contralto voice caused another thrill within his chill, well ordered interior.

"You know I am engaged to Mrs. Silvester?"

She nodded carelessly.

"Mrs. Silvester is very particular—very particular indeed," he began assuredly. "I am sure she would not care for a governess who"— He floundered under her scornful glance.

"Who had once been engaged to you, who once wore the historic emerald on her plebeian, paint stained hand," she finished mockingly. She lifted one slim white hand and contemplated it thoughtfully.

"I was going to say more than that," he said, vindictive in his turn, and his eyes betrayed the length to which he would go.

"If you said more than that you would lie." She spoke with a calm dignity that set oddly on one so young. "I knew you were here and came down to prepare you for my appearance. Mrs. Silvester shall not know I have ever seen you before unless you force me to tell her. I am not proud of that little episode in my life. I was only sixteen, but I believed in you. Two years is a long time, and now I am a woman. You— Ah, here is mother now."

"Annabel!" Mrs. Silvester's astonishment was blended with laughter and well simulated confusion as she gave her hand to Willoughby.

"Annabel?" squeaked that gentleman pitifully.

Annabel courtesied mockingly. "Annabel Lange Silvester, who tired of convent life and spent a year in Paris studying art, who tired of art and went back to the convent and who has come home and surprised her dear mamma by being so grown up!"

"Darling, you positively shocked me," murmured Lucia Silvester, caressing the ruddy hair with one plump white hand. "I did not realize you were growing up. I have always thought of you as my little girl. Now I shall keep you hidden till after my wedding," she concluded, with an arch smile, at the disturbed face of her betrothed.

Willoughby Jones-Derrick was adjusting his slow moving faculties to this latest order of things.

First, it had been Anne Lange, a ghost out of his respectable past that might rattle its bones unpleasantly to the sound of wedding bells or hush those bells altogether, and this wedding meant his bread and butter—and cigarettes.

Now, it was Annabel, the stepdaughter, who confronted him; Annabel, his prospective stepdaughter, who turned out to have been his fiancee for several delicious weeks and whom he had heartlessly jilted when her youthful charms palled upon him. Even with her promise to forget the past warmth on her lips he wondered whether he could live with her and look on her each day as a slumbering volcano which might burst forth any moment and overwhelm him with the lava of truth. Women were treacherous, and had not a great poet said that "hell holds no fury like a woman scorned?"

"I have been making the acquaintance of Mr. Jones-Derrick," said Annabel, with a suddenly sweet smile. "He thinks I remind him of an old friend, and we squabbled over the matter. Now we shall bury the hatchet, shall we not?" She extended her cool hand.

Willoughby grasped it eagerly, and tears of relief almost forced themselves to his fine eyes. "Yes," he said, with the stiff heartiness that was his nearest approach to friendliness.

"I thought mother was all alone, and so I came home to take care of her—girls have such funny ideas." Annabel's voice was honey sweet.

"I have given that right to Mr. Jones-Derrick," smiled Mrs. Silvester over the teapot.

"I will take care of you both," said Willoughby ponderously.

Annabel curled her lips scornfully and they trembled with the quick words that would unmask the man before her and reveal his utter faithlessness to her mother. But, she thought, perhaps he was not to blame for tiring of her, a mere schoolgirl. Her beautiful mother was nearer his age and taste. Standing there, pale and cold, Annabel saw the lovelight shining in her mother's eyes, noticed the gray threads in Willoughby's thick hair, saw him wince—he was afraid of her.

Something that had choked her heart two years ago was suddenly swept away in a warm flood, and this warmth filled her beautiful eyes. She stepped forward and laid her hand on the clasped fingers of her mother and the man.

"Yes, mother, dear, your husband will take care of us—both. Let us all be happy," she said, throwing away all revenge and scorn.

Something hot and glistening fell on Annabel's hand, but her mother's eyes were dry and shining. She did not dare look at Willoughby Jones-Derrick.

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NONE OF IT.

Apparently Centre County Republicans had no friend at court when the proposed congressional reapportionment bill was drafted at Harrisburg, for it would seem as if this county is to be lifted out of a Republican district and hitched onto a group of counties constituting Democratic territory. Cutting down to the bone, it would mean a Democratic instead of a Republican Congressman as this county's representative at Washington.

It is true that the constitution requires that the State be redistricted in the matter of congressional representatives. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the present district, comprising Centre, Clearfield, McKean and Cameron counties, shall not continue to be a district in a reapportionment. Nor does it necessarily follow that the only arrangement to be devised shall sew up Centre county in a manner that for ten years to come Republican interests may be represented only by a Democratic Congressman. If the apportionment bill, as now drafted, goes through at Harrisburg that is exactly what will happen. If Republicans in Centre County want this county put on the shelf in this manner, all well and good. We are opposed to any such scheme. Our representatives at Harrisburg are Mr. Gramley, in the House, and Mr. Alexander, in the Senate. Republicans who want a different kind of apportionment for Centre County should make it their business to so inform Messrs. Gramley and Alexander. A letter will do it. If necessary, use the parcels post.

BY POPULAR VOTE.

The House, at Harrisburg, has ratified the proposed amendment to the federal constitution to provide for the election of United States Senators by popular vote. This action is responsive to the known wishes of a vast majority of the people in Pennsylvania The vote in favor of the resolution was overwhelming, which should in large measure serve as a guide to the other branch of the Legislature when the matter is considered there.

For many, many years the present system of electing United States Senators has been in force. It embodies the views of the framers of our constitution. Like any other system to accomplish any other thing, it has its faults and defects. It has been used to good advantage for the interests of the commonwealth, and it has been employed to serve the personal ends of scheming politicians. Whether merited or not, the present system of electing Senators by Legislatures has fallen into evil ways in the mind of the general public. There is a pronounced feeling on the part of the people of all parties that they should have the privilege of voting direct for their representatives in the United States Senate. And what the people want the people usually get. Realization is some times postponed, but it comes. It has been delayed and postponed in the matter in question, but it is coming and the day of realization is almost at hand.

Two years hence there will be a United States Senator to be elected in Pennsylvania. All signs are that there will be a hot scramble for the honor. This means that members of the Legislature will be chosen not on the basis of how well they will represent their home constituencies, not as to their qualifications to serve the people at Harrisburg, not as to their ability to make laws. They will be elected mainly on the basis of how they will vote for United States Senator.

It isn't fair that good men as candidates for the Legislature should be saddled with this burden. It is a burden that should be assumed by the people. The people apparently are anxious to assume it, and all indications are that their wish will soon be gratified.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.—Advt.

Celebrated 82nd Birthday.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Houser, of near Bellefonte, was on Friday, January 31, the scene of a very pleasing party given in honor of the latter's mother, Mrs. Sophia Welty, when the children, grand-children and great-grand-children gathered to help her celebrate her 82nd. birthday anniversary. She was both surprised and pleased to see so many drive up to the gate near the noon hour. It is needless to say, the table was covered with all the good things of the season at which forty-seven guests sat down to do justice to the occasion. It was a splendid feast. After a pleasant time together all departed for their homes wishing Mrs. Welty many more years of health and happiness. Those present were the following: Mr. and Mrs George Welty, Mr. and Mrs. John Welty and family, Mr. and Mrs. McGraw, of Renovo; Mrs. Cora Pluff and son Lionell, of Tyrone; Mr. and Mrs. Biddle, Mrs. Annie Garbrick and children, of Mill Hall; Mr. and Mrs. William Wasson, of Nittany; Mr. and Mrs. Sol Barlett and family, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Welty and family, Mrs. Ethel Tate, all of Bellefonte; Mrs. Chester Neff and son Philip, of Howard; Mr. and Mrs. George Ertley, of Jacksonville; Mr. John Stiver, Flemington; Mr. and Mrs. James Kerstetter and daughter Helen, of Bellefonte.

Warmest January Was in 1890.

Many Pennsylvanians have remarked upon the unusual warmth of the past January, and some have regarded it as the warmest January on record. The mean temperature, as recorded at the Pennsylvania State College Agriculture Experiment Station Observatory, was 34.8 Fahrenheit, and the average temperature for the month, through the past thirty-one years, as recorded in this observatory, was 26.1 Fahrenheit. For this thirty-one year period, the warmest January was that of 1890, when the average temperature was 36.6 Fahrenheit. The Januarys of 1894, when the temperature was 32.6 Fahrenheit, and of 1906, when the average temperature was 32.5 Fahrenheit, are next in order as the warmest Januarys for the period.

WILLIAM FREAR,
Vice Director.

Elk Doing Nicely.

Centre County hunters will be interested in the following, published in the Clearfield "Spirit" on Friday of last week:

"Amos Kline, keeper of Kennedy Park camp, was in from the game reserve today and called at this office. Amos says the elk are getting along finely now and appear to be perfectly at home in their quarters. He said for the first day or two it was a question as to whether they could keep them in or not as the bulls would charge the wire fence like battering rams and on one occasion came within an ace of getting through. Had the fence not been extra strong the entire herd would have been roaming the hills several months ahead of their schedule. The one that did get out has not been rounded up yet."

Popular Vote for Senators.

After a debate of four hours, the House at Harrisburg on Monday night passed by a vote of 193 to 3, the resolution amending the Federal Constitution to elect United States Senators by direct election.

The discussion leading up to the taking of the vote on the resolution occupied almost the entire attention of the House, during which time Representative Richard J. Baldwin, Deleware, was the only member who opposed the direct amendment. His argument was that he was opposed to amending the Federal Constitution and that the plan as provided by the framers of the Constitution had worked admirably and should not be changed.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Charles E. Coble, Clara M. Schaeffer,	Linden Hall Centre Hall
Thomas B. Beaver, Rachael M. Prince,	Bellefonte Crafton
Chalmer L. Decker, Alice M. Kline,	East Freedom Howard
William Hale, Ida McDonald,	Julian "
John N. Fultz, Edith Woomer,	Orviston Curtin
William Rodgers, Jr., Anna Benson,	Chester Hill Tylertown
G. H. James, Louise McClellan,	Tyrone Bellefonte

"A Daughter of the Desert."

"A Daughter of the Desert," a splendid western drama, in four acts, will be presented in Noll's hall, at Pleasant Gap, on Saturday evening, February 22. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Pleasant Gap Fire Co., a volunteer organization of men residing in and about Pleasant Gap whose efforts should be accorded appreciation in a most substantial manner. "A Daughter of the Desert" is full of thrilling episodes and will prove to be interesting and entertaining to both young and old. Specialties will be presented between acts. Keep in mind the time and place.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thoma Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. It subdues the pain and heals the hurts.—Advt.

Modern Hospitals.

"The modern hospital is a sanitary workshop. Until a few years ago it was a place where sick people could be kept until they recovered. Nowadays it is a workshop where they are made well," says Dr. W. B. Russ in the Journal of the American Medical Association. "Today our units are the same, but our construction is steel and concrete. We have no carpets and dust catchers. Our furniture is of white enamel. We have forsaken the old time heat registers, with their dust and soot. We have steam radiators that give nothing into the sickroom. We have screens on our windows to deny admission to the fly and the mosquito and other insects that may carry the organisms of disease. We know that sunlight is one of God's ways of curing disease and that fresh air is one of the greatest physicians in the world, so that we build our modern hospitals with windows facing to the sun, with air space measured in terms of cubic feet for the sick."

He Was Old Enough.

The late Homer Lea, who did so much to organize the army of the Chinese republic, was a man who saw little actual service in spite of his title of "general." He was fond of relating the story of his first military command, by which he received this prefix. He was then a young man whose only claim to military distinction was a book knowledge of the theory of warfare. It was said of him that he knew every detail of all Napoleon's battles. Upon his arrival in China he went to the taotai of Canton and asked that he be made general of all the troops in the province. Lea's youth and his figure—for he was a hunchback—did not combine to make much of an impression upon the astute old Chinese official. "How old are you?" he asked. "The same age as Napoleon when he won the battle of Austerlitz," answered Lea. He got the job.—New York Tribune.

An Optical Illusion.

An interesting optical experiment may be made with the ordinary incandescent light Gaze steadily at the light for a few seconds, then suddenly extinguish it. The experiment is best performed in a very dark room. In about half a minute you will see the perfect image of the light, with the fine strands of wire plainly visible. It will be red at first. In a few minutes it will turn purple and then a bright blue. Later it will apparently move to the right. As you turn your gaze it will continue moving to the right. If you keep your gaze fixed, it will come back. It is surprising how long the illusion will last. It will be seen for fully five minutes, perhaps longer, and if you turn on the light and look away from it you will see the old image for several minutes, though more faintly than in the darkness.

Turkish Ways.

Turkey's government used at one time to make foreign envoys in Constantinople conform in some degree to Mussulman customs. They were not allowed to appear in public accompanied by their wives, as this practice might have caused heartburnings among the native women, who could never hope to be treated on an equality with their husbands. Endeavors were also made at one time to extend Mohammed's prohibition of wine to foreign diplomats. This was found impossible, but until the end of the eighteenth century all the wine consigned to them had to be conveyed from the harbor in the dead of the night, so that the faithful should not be contaminated by seeing the accursed liquor.—Chicago News.

Fate.

A strange comedy and tragedy were woven into the lives of Ibsen and Bjornson. As young men they were great friends; then politics flung them apart; they quarreled and never met for years and years. Strange fate brought the children of these two great writers together, and Bjornson's daughter married Ibsen's only child. The fathers met after a quarter of a century of separation at the wedding of their children.

Better So.

"You think it better to have foreign waiters?"

"Yes," replied the thick skinned man. "I realized it this evening. When I gave the waiter a lead half dollar he thanked me in English and later expressed his opinion in a language which, fortunately, I could not understand."—Washington Star.

Necessary Adjunct.

Legal—Oh, the law in that shape will never do. Lite—Why, what ails it? It's as simple and plain as I can make it. Legal—Heavens, man! Do you want to destroy our profession? If you rob law of its mysteries, what is to become of us?—Chicago News.

Corrected.

Wifey (during storm)—Gracious, that was an awful clap of thunder! It frightened me terribly. Hubby—Nonsense, my dear. Thunder can't hurt you. Wifey—Indeed! Didn't you ever hear of people being thunderstruck?—Brooklyn Eagle.

These Horrid Creditors.

Irate Father (to son)—It's astonishing, George, how much money you need! Son—I don't need any, father; it's the other people who need it.—Exchange.

Cruel.

Miss Fortysummers—I had a proposal last night and refused it. Miss Crusher—You are always thinking of the welfare of others, aren't you, dear?

REV. SAMUEL KRIDER DEAD

Native of Gatesburg Passed Away Sunday at Johnstown.

At the Memorial hospital, Johnstown, Sunday morning last, Rev. Samuel Krider died of pneumonia, after an illness of one week.

Deceased was born November 13, 1841, at Gatesburg, was the son of John and Elizabeth Krider, and served three years in the Civil war. He also taught school for some time and later was graduated from the Susquehanna University. His first charge was at Turtle Creek and later he was the pastor of the Lutheran churches at Elderton, Armstrong county; Cookport, Indiana county and Hooversville, Somerset county. His sight failed at one time and for nine years he resided at Windber, entering the mercantile business. When he regained the use of his eyes he again took up ministerial work and supplied at Lovett, where he built the Lutheran church, and at South Fork, Puritan, Morrellville, and Johnstown. During the Civil war he served as a member of Company E, 45th regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was wounded at the battle of Spottsylvania Court house.

In 1869 Mr. Krider married Miss Mary Royer, at Pine Grove Mills, who survives. Besides his widow he is also survived by two sons, S. A. Krider, of Starford, Indiana county, and A. R. Krider, of 530 Central avenue, Moxham; two brothers, Rev. Isaac Krider, of Duncanville, Blair county, and Jacob Krider, of Gatesburg, the old homestead, and two sisters, Mrs. Catherine Strayer, of Hollidaysburg and Mrs. Mary Strayer, of Gatesburg.

The family residence of the deceased was 528 Central avenue, Moxham, a suburb of Johnstown. The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Elmer E. Gordon Dead.

Mrs. Kate M. Gordon, of Pleasan View, Spring township, died Sunday afternoon, February 2, as a result of a paralytic stroke one hour and a half previously. Mrs. Gordon was born June 4, 1863, and was a daughter of Daniel Gordon, long since deceased. At the age of 21, in the year 1884, she married Elmer E. Gordon and was a faithful companion, kind to all her neighbors and friends. Those surviving are her husband, five sons, Daniel, married, residing at Pleasant View; Benjamin, Elmer, David and Howard at home. Also three brothers, Samuel and Jacob, of Bellefonte, and William, of Columbus, Ohio; two sisters, Mrs. William Hassinger, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Mary Osenburg, of Huntingdon. Funeral services were held from the home of her son, Daniel Gordon, on Tuesday. Rev. C. W. Winey officiated. Interment in Treziny cemetery.

Corn Show at College.

The School of Agriculture and Experiment Station of The Pennsylvania State College will hold a corn display on Friday, February 28th. An interesting program has been arranged. The corn display, exhibited at the recent State convention and also at the International Corn Show, at Columbia, South Carolina, will be shown.

Mrs. Nancy Stover Dead.

Mrs. Nancy J. Stover, widow of the late Michael Stover, died early last Friday morning at her late home in South Philipsburg. She was aged 70 years.

Forest Fire Protective Meeting.

Hon. S. B. Elliott, a member of the State Forestry Board, was the principal speaker at the meeting held in the Court House last Thursday night to interest land owners in the general movement for better protection to forest lands. The meeting was called to order by J. M. Hoffman, who has general charge of the work in this section. Mr. Elliott in the course of his address impressed on his hearers the necessity of caring for the young trees, saying, in part, that "on their existence depends the future of the forests, just as in the human family on the health and life of the children depends future civilization." To this he added that "the future of our country depends on what steps we now take to protect our forests, and if we do not stop forest waste our country is doomed to decay." Mr. Elliott's address was especially interesting, his earnestness and sincerity impressing all who had the good fortune to be present. Others who spoke included Prof. J. A. Ferguson, of the forestry department at State College; John Foley, forester for the Pennsylvania Railroad, who dwelt on the value of organized effort in fighting forest fires; Mr. Meily, a Pennsylvania Railroad division engineer; J. Linn Harris and H. C. Quigley. The belief was expressed at the meeting that the State Forestry Department should lend all assistance possible for the protection of forests in this section, in as much as there are nearly 3,000 acres of State land in the territory in question. Before adjournment an organization of land owners was effected, the members voting to aid in defraying the expenses of Mr. Hoffman while traveling over the north western section of the county to interest others in the work. A meeting will be held in Philipsburg at an early date.

Wanted.

Boys and girls to pack Non-Poisonous matches. Good wages and steady work. Apply at factory at once in person.—The Pennsylvania Match Co. 1-30-2t.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure

Economizes Butter, Flour, Eggs; makes the food more appetizing and wholesome

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

DR. SPARKS REPLIES

Declares Agriculture is Not Neglected at State College.

Replying to criticism that agriculture is being neglected and preference given other branches at State College, Dr. E. E. Sparks, president of the institution, has issued the following statement:

Certain statements have been made in the public press from time to time that the work of the Pennsylvania State College is retrograding; that most of the instructors have resigned, and that there is an exodus of students to other institutions. In reply it may be said that there is not a vacancy at the present time in the faculty of nearly 200 instructors, that the changes in some instances have been for the better, and that, excluding the summer sessions, there is an enrollment at the present time of 2050 students, as against 1770 at this time last year. Scarcely the average number has withdrawn during the year, while a larger number than ever before has entered from other institutions. The registration for the recent farmers' week reached nearly 700, being the largest attendance on record.

The extension work of the college has suffered most in the necessary retrenchment, no agricultral or good road trains being possible this year. Yet the work of analyzing samples, estimating soils, advising farmers, miners and manufacturers has gone on as usual. The correspondence courses have grown steadily in the numbers enrolled. Exhibitions were made at ten agricultural fairs last autumn, and many addresses have been given by members of the staff. Faculty Speakers have appeared at various institutes held by the department of agriculture, and the usual farmers' week of demonstrations will be given at Greenville in March. During the year the important task of installing county farm experts has been inaugurated, and is in successful operation in six counties. All this does not indicate a retrogression of college activities in behalf of the farmer.

Friends of the institution, meaning well, but not always fully informed, have intimated that the trustees are guilty of neglecting the School of Agriculture and favoring other schools. Prominent among these trustees is the secretary of agriculture, who has not missed a meeting of the board in several years; the master and secretary of the State Grange the editor of the National Stockman and Farmer, and the president of the State Horticultural Society. It is unlikely that these men, so vitally interested in agriculture, have betrayed their trust. The governor of the state, whose interest in rural matters is well known, has presided at two of the meetings of the board held during the last sixteen months. The other members are in full sympathy with the development of the agricultral interests of the state.

Under a board delinquent in duty or hostile in administration, the school of agriculture could not have made the following extraordinary growth in the number of students, 1905, 29; 1907, 84; 1909, 336; 1911, 511; 1913, 973. Nor could there have been four permanent buildings erected for this school within the same period under an indifferent board.

Has the legislature been negligent of the agricultural interests of the state, as frequently charged? In the last legislature the School of Agriculture received $225,000 out of $575,000 appropriated for instruction and investigation purposes. This left only $350,000 for the support of all the other schools, and for fuel, water, insurance, repairs and the many items of maintenance for the entire college.

If all farmers' sons wished to become farmers, then, the agricultural interests would be served by supporting that school alone; but many farmers' boys have a natural bent toward chemistry, engineering, metallurgy and other scientific callings, and the education should fit the aptitude. As a general rule, city boys select some agricultural course, while boys from the rural districts take engineering, mining or science. At present there are only fifty-one students registered in the School of Liberal Arts, as against 973 in agriculture.

Complaint has been made of the application of the bulk of federal funds to various schools rather than to agriculture. It must be remembered that students do not begin to specialize until well along in the second year of college. Consequently students in the agricultural school are taught in the other schools such subjects as English, mathematics, surveying, chemistry, geology and the like. In order to maintain these schools under the one-sided appropriation described above, it was necessary to distribute the federal funds as approved by the secretary of the interior.

Some organizations are dissatisfied with the amount asked from the legislature this year, but it is simply a question whether the asking shall be the total of what each interest thinks it ought to have or whether these estimates shall be pared down to what the legislature and the governor are likely to allow. For instance, the poultrymen were not satisfied with the increase made for a poultry husbandry building from $10,000 to $25,000, and will ask an additional $60,000 to be expended under the direction of the department of agriculture. Every one connected with the college would be delighted to see the School of Agriculture get a million dollars. That amount will be needed within the next few years; but it must not be secured at the expense of the college as a whole.

The grange has been widely quoted as one of the organizations dissatisfied with the policy of the college and the legislative asking. The following statement from the master should set this matter aright:

January 22, 1913.

"Statements have been made that the State Grange has joined with certain organizations in criticising the work and management of the Pennsylvania State College. In behalf of the State Grange, I wish to say that it has had no part in any movement of this kind; that the work of the station and college for the agricultural interests of the state are entirely satisfactory, and that the grange will stand firmly behind the college appropriation bill in the present legislature.

"W. T. Creasy, Master State Grange."

The Pennsylvania State College faces the condition of any institution which is endeavoring to keep within its income while favored with an unusual growth. Naturally, the pinch is felt most where the largest growth occurs, and in this instance it is the School of Agriculture The promise made to the last legislature and to the governor that there would be no further deficit, provided a deficiency item in the last bill was allowed, has been faithfully kept, but at a heavy loss of well-known instructors. It would seem that the college, aside from the considerations due to a peculiarly state institution, now merits a just and reasonable support adequate to its growth.

Married at Howard.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at the United Evangelical parsonage in Howard on Sunday evening last, February 2, when Chalmer Decker, recently a resident of Howard, and Miss Alice Kline, one of Howard's fair young ladies, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the pastor, Rev. M. J. Snyder. Our best wishes and congratulations go with the happy pair.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity, Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address J. F. CHENEY CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Charles Candy and wife, of Tyrone, were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shuman Holter.

Miss Maude Hopkins, of Tyrone, came to the home of her sister Friday evening with an attack of acute indigestion. She returned to Tyrone Sunday evening.

Guy Swan and family have moved to Lemoyn, Pa., where they will make their future home. Mr. Swan contemplates engaging in the cigar and confectionery business.

Engineer Fred Fields was an over Sunday visitor with his family in Williamsport.

Mr. Duke, of Tyrone, was a welcome caller in town this week.

Mrs. Nelle Watt and daughter Eleanor, of Williamsport, were visitors with mother and grandma, Mrs. DeHaas, from Friday till Sunday.

Mrs. W. L. Cooke, Mrs. William Weber and Marion Cooke were to Bellefonte to see Mrs. Tom Thumb the latter part of the week.

David Tanyer, of Curtin, came down to Howard on Saturday to greet his old friends.

Misses Pearl and Emma Shay were Bellefonte visitors on Saturday, the chief object of their visit being to see Mrs. Thumb.

M. Miner was a Mill Hall visitor on Sunday.

Ex-Sheriff Robert Cooke was a Bellefonte visitor the fore part of the week.

Miss Carrye Butler, chief operator in the exchange of the Bald Eagle Telephone Co., returned home Sunday evening from her vacation, having made a delightful visit to Washington, D. C., Philadelphia and other Eastern cities.

John and Mathias Walker are foremen on the new track between Mt. Eagle and the rolling mill. They have a force of 90 men to keep the track and fill in repair until it is cindered and well settled.

The Centre Electric Company has our streets poled and is rushing their lines to prepare for lighting our streets and houses.

John Stevens, George Bulkly and Mr. Shawver, operators at the tower at west end of the passenger siding have changed quarters to the new tower at the rolling mill, a distance of about a mile. The freight trains going east over the new grade have increased their tonnage about 30% and those going west about 10%.

W. R. McCloskey and brother were business callers in Bellefonte on Monday.

Milford Meyers has taken his family and household goods to Avis, where he has secured a position as foreman for the N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

J. J. Maggs moved his household goods to Mill Hall on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. L. Cooke was a business visitor to Lock Haven on Tuesday.

Tobias Moore, of the extra work train on the valley, was a caller in town on Tuesday.

Miss Anna Holter has gone to Pittsburgh to visit with her brother and uncle, Harry and Jacob Kaup respectively.

Charles Bowes and Mr. Gault, expert bridge builders, are putting up a structure for the P. R. R. Co. at Mt. Eagle.

Peter Robb and sister, Mrs. Mary Wentzel, have gone to Yarnell to visit a few days with David Wentzel.

Miss Ella Hall is in such a condition at time of writing that the family have meager hopes of her recovery.

Miss Mazie, who had improved very much from her illness, has suffered a relapse and her condition is such as to give her friends no little apprehension.

Blanchard.

Since our letter of last week there have been several additional cases of diphtheria developed in this section. One of those to be taken ill is Mrs. James Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson, and whose husband is a brother of Maude Martin, whose illness was reported last week. Another patient is Mrs. Harry Nestlerode, of Avis, who was visiting with her mother, Mrs. Kate Martin, and who is a sister of Maude Martin. She went to her brother's home when her sister was taken ill and is there under treatment at this writing.

A very sad death was that of Esther Forcey, which occurred on Sunday in the Lock Haven hospital. The child was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Forcey, of Beech Creek, and was but 14 years of age. She was admitted to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis, from which she failed to rally. She had been ill several days before being removed to the hospital, her parents finally obtaining permission to take her on a cot in a freight car in order to reach the hospital as quickly as possible, once the critical character of her trouble was realized. The remains were shipped to Beech Creek for interment. The heart-broken parents have the sympathy of the community in their sad hour of bereavement.

Mrs. Joseph Miller, of Renovo, a daughter, and Miss Florence Gunsallus, of Altoona, a grand-daughter, recently were welcome visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Gunsallus.

John Williams is in the Wills Eye Hospital, Philadelphia, and probably will have to remain several weeks, the specialists having concluded that an operation was imperative to save his eyes. It will be recalled that he was one of the men injured by a premature explosion on the Ford Run railway last October.

Mrs. Samuel Bowen Dead.

Mrs. Samuel Bowen died last week at her late home at Middleburg, at which place interment was made on Wednesday. The deceased was aged about 78 years, and is survived by two sons. She was an aunt of Mrs. Ida Rothrock, of Philipsburg, and Frank Hess, of Sandy Ridge.

Pine Grove Mills.

S. M. Hess, of Selinsgrove University, spent several days last week among his old cronies hereabouts.

Arthur Burwell, teacher of the Stormstown school, spent Sunday at his parental home on the Branch.

Mrs. Beck, of Centre Line, spent several days among friends at Penna. Furnace and added her blessing to her little nephew.

R. G. Goheen, of Baileyville, together with A. B., were on hand for the banquet last Friday evening.

Miss Florence Musser, of Freeport, Ill., is visiting relatives in the valley and paying a special visit to her aged grandmother, Mrs. Julian Musser, whose health is very much impaired.

Last Friday evening a pie social was held at the Homer Barr home, at Gatesburg, and was largely attended, all present having a royal, good time. The proceeds were for the church.

Our young friend, Ed. Decker, of Bellefonte, was here for the banquet on Friday evening.

That old weather-wise little critter, the groundhog, according to tradition, will give us six weeks of unsettled weather. The mercury regestered at 3 below zero at 7 a. m. and a sharp, cold air provailed all day, even though the sun shone bright and clear.

Last Thursday Miss Anna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ward, was taken to the Bellefonte hospital where on Friday she underwent an operation for a complication of ailments. She withstood the operation very well and, we are glad to note, is now on the road to recovery.

The O. of I. A. No. 515 banquet is billed for Friday evening, Feb. 21st., at the St. Elmo Hotel parlors, where chicken and waffles and the usual side dishes that go to make a royal feast will be served.

Mrs. Sallie Bloom has been under the doctor's care the past week, but now is somewhat better.

Ira Corl, with his fiance, sprang a surprise on their friends last Tuesday by going over to Cumberland, Md., where they entered into the holy bonds of wedlock. After spending several days among friends in the mountain city they returned home on Friday. The groom is the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Corl and is a hustling, progressive young farmer. The bride, Miss Garner, is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Garner, and is a splendid young lady, well fitted to assume her new duties. After April 1st, 1913, they will be at home to their many friends at the Corl farm, at White Hall, where they will engage in farming. The elder Corls will reside at State College, on West College Avenue, and let the youngsters have full sway.

The High School banquet held in the I. O. O. F. hall last Friday evening proved to be an overflow gathering. The entertainment was a pleasing success and was carried out to the letter, even though one of the class was detained at home by illness. Wilbur Decker gave the welcome address, at once making everybody feel at ease—this despite the crowded condition of the hall. Miss Mary Kepler presided at the splendid new piano and rendered excellent music. Time nor space will permit a detailed report such as we would like to give. Prof. Paul took occasion though the hour was growing late to remind the audience of the need of better and higher education and his remarks were well received. For the banquet covers were laid for 360 and all were taken. It was in the wee sma hours of the morning when the social function was brought to a successful close

On Tuesday Miss Sarah McWilliams went to a New York hospital for treatment for tuberculosis of the bone in her left limb below the knee. The young lady has been moving about on crutches for some time. Her many friends hope for her speedy recovery and safe return home.

On Saturday, February 15th, the Young Men's Bible Class of the Lutheran church of Boalsburg will serve supper in the Boal hall. The menu will represent the best the farm and market affords. The class have taken upon themselves to furnish new pulpit furniture, and as the cause is a most worthy one, indeed, we bespeak for the boys the most liberal support possible. Let as many as can attend the supper, and may their purses be wide open.

Marion Twp.

John Butler has returned from a week's sojourn in Bellefonte and vicinity. He will again assist Ira C. Aley.

Bruce Beightol and Lynn Ertley have gone to Lock Haven and will be employed in paper making.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waite have fairly recovered from their sickness.

Dr. Shelly, of Hublersburg, is frequently seen on our streets.

Miss Lulu Glossner, who was visiting her sister at Zion, has returned home.

John Mitchell, of Julian, is sawing the timber on the Garbrick farm for Weber and Gardner, and is producing a good fresh crop of sawdust.

Mrs. Mabel Bennison, of Abdera, circulated among friends on Monday.

Some of the movings here are as follows: William Yarnell to the Bitner property; Mrs. Shafer to J. J. Vonada's; John Rine to Daniel Rine's; Thomas Lucas from Mt. Eagle to the Garbrick farm; Clay Johnsonbaugh to Stormstown; Lewis Dorman to Howard; James Bartley on the Adam Yearick farm; Mr. Briggs from Bellefonte to the farm Mr. Bartley vacates; John Dunkle to Hublersburg; Alton Pifer to Howard, and John Decker to the Pifer farm.

"Josh" does shine some with one of our school marms. He studies grammar.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. George Givler, of Tyrone, made a short visit at the home of her father, Adam Cowher.

Miss Etta Thompson, of Philipsburg, is visiting at Dr. Harshberger's.

Miss Susan McKinney and girl friend, of Altoona, spent a few days in town last week.

Mrs. U. H. Williams and children, of Blandburg, is spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Cowher.

Mrs. Joseph Weaver, of Blandburg, is visiting relatives in this place.

Blake Thompson, formerly of this place, but now living in Maryland, is seen on our steets again. He is calling on all his old friends.

W. T. Hoover attended the Odd Fellows' banquet in Tyrone Friday night.

Miss Ethel Crain left Friday evening for a visit in Altoona.

Gordon Wiser departed Sunday evening for Monroe, Michigan, where he has secured employment.

Therman Wiser and wife, formerly Sarah Woodring, of Trafford City, are home for a short visit.

Mrs. Dr. Harshberger is visiting relatives in Philipsburg.

Daley Lytle spent Sunday with his lady friend at BlueBall.

Mrs. Effie Furlong made a short visit with her sister, Mrs. Mollie Shope.

Prof. Rothrock spent Sunday at his home in Boalsburg.

Mrs. William Bennett visited her son, Walter Bennett, in Tyrone last week.

Pearl Woodring, of Osceola, spent a short time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Woodring.

Sunday morning the 8-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Weston died at their home in Trafford City. The remains were brought to the home of Mrs. Weston's father, H. C. Woodring, here, Monday and interment was made in the Presbyterian cemetery Tuesday. The parents were formerly of this place and have the heartfelt sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

Mrs. Susan McKinney is visiting her daughter in Philipsburg.

The revival services in the Baptist church closed Sunday evening. The baptismal services were postponed until next Sunday afternoon, owing to circumstances which could not be prevented.

Woodward.

Roy Musser spent Saturday and Sunday at Lancaster and Tamanqua, returning home on Monday.

Among those on the sick list are James Ketner, William Fultz and Miss Mary Snyder.

The stork presented a baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stover.

Lester Fiedler, wife and niece, Eva Fiedler, from Fiedler, spent the Sabbath at the L. L. Weaver home.

Thomas Wolfe, wife and children, Rachael, Lottie and Thomas, Jr., spent the greater part of last week with friends in Lock Haven and Howard.

Mrs. Thomas Lingle and baby are visiting her father at Spring Mills.

William Haines, wife and son, Steward, spent the Sabbath with the former's sister, Mrs. VonNeida, near Spring Mills.

Unionville.

Mrs. William Spotts died last Tuesday. She was brought here from Julian and was burried in the cemetery in Bush hollow.

Miss Bess Lonsberry, who was taken suddenly ill last Monday, was not able to take charge of her school until Monday, Miss Beatrice Stere acting as assistant.

G. W. Morrison has been very ill for some time. We hope to hear of his recovery soon.

Hello boys! Get out your sleds. The old groundhog saw his shadow last Sunday and on Monday every thing had on its beautiful robe of white.

The junior choir of the M. E. church rendered some most beautiful music on last Sunday morning.

Mrs. Andy Tate, of this place, was admitted to the Bellefonte hospital for an operation last Friday. She is recovering very nicely.

Corporation Tax Returns.

Corporations in the Ninth District of Pennsylvania, of which Centre County is a part, whose returns of annual net income have not yet been made, are again reminded by the Collector H. L. Herchey, of Lancaster, that the returns must be in his hands on or before March 1st, 1913. The penalty fixed by law for failure to make the return within the proper time is from $1000, to $10,000. In the 9th district are located 4500 corporations. Of these, only about 1000 have thus far made returns. The law inflicting a penalty of a heavy fine is mandatory, and will be enforced. No officer of the government has power to remit it.

REBUILT CARS
ON EASY PAYMENTS

$200 to $900
Guaranteed for One Year

$50 down and balance in monthly payments will buy any car under our future delivery plan. Ask about it.

Touring Cars, Roadsters, Runabouts, Trucks

65 page illustrated catalogue showing these cars, free

Craig-Centre Auto Co., Inc.
Largest Dealers of High Grade used cars
Craig Street at Centre Avenue Pittsburgh, Pa.
Agents wanted everywhere

Mt. Eagle.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner, of Salona, took supper on Monday evening with her uncle, T. G. Leathers and wife.

Mrs. John Dunhou and children left Tuesday evening for Greensburg, to spend some time with her mother before joining her husband at Redbank, on the contract there.

Mrs. Bulgar, of Trafford, who had been spending some time with her parents, left for her home Saturday morning.

Mrs. Wasson of Snow Shoe, is stopping with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas, on her way to the hospital for treatment.

Mr. Wolfe of DuBois, an old soldier and who was a prisoner at Saulsburg, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Martin Gates.

Misses Pearl Gates and Nancy Robinson were Bellefonte shoppers on Saturday.

Mrs. Philip Haines of Milesburg, was a visitor at the home of E. E. Heverly over Sunday.

Barney Colson is off on a ten day vacation.

The new tracks of the P. R. R. through here were thrown open for traffic on Saturday at twelve o'clock, and trains have been running thick both east and west.

Corry Kunes and son, Joshua, of Altoona, spent Sunday at the home of his father-in-law, J. R Pheasant, returning home on the evening train.

William R. Bowes of State College, spent Sunday with his grand-ma Leathers and his aunt, Miss Florence.

Little Mary Bony and Mable Gramley of Bellefonte, was Mt. Eagle visitors on Sunday.

Frank Deitz on Saturday night lost a valuable colt from lock-jaw, caused by running a nail in its foot.

Mrs. T. G. Leathers went to Curtin Sunday between trains to see her father, Rollan Bryan, who has been laid up with the rheumatism for some time.

S. B. Leathers who has been sick for some time, at this writing is slowly growing weaker and little hope is entertained of his recovery.

The citizens of Mt. Eagle and vicinity held a meeting in the school house to take action in regard to the road from the bridge to the station.

Mrs. Clara McCallion of Howard, took supper with her son, Al. Strickland and wife.

Fiedler.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Winkelblech and Mrs. E. J. Hinds attended the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. S, Klechner, at Mifflinburg, on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Benner, who have been employed at the home of Chas. W. Wolf, have left for Illinois, where they will make their future home.

Miss Marian Kerstetter, of Coburn, spent a few days at the home of Miss Lyda Winkelblech.

Mrs. Roy Gensel spent a few weeks at the home of Benjamin Gensel at Centre Hall.

Mathew Donnelson and Russell Newcomb, from Scranton, were entertained a few days last week at the home of Mrs. E. J. Hinds.

Mrs. Paul Winkelblech is spending sometime at the home of her parents near Coburn.

Miss Ruth Immel is spending some time at Zion, at the home of her sister, who is sick.

Miss Emma Steffen is housekeeper for Chas. Wolf for a few weeks and Maurice Yearick is attending the stock preparing it for the sale next month.

What might have been a serious conflagration was averted only in time. About half-past one o'clock Mrs. E. J. Hinds was awakened by the smell of smoke. On investigating found flames coming through the stove pipe collar, the lower part of the house filled with smoke, a box of hard wood afire, a lot of clothing which was hung above the wood box burning, and beginning to burn through the wood work of the wall. By a liberal application of water the fire was soon under control.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Fiedler were entertained with friends at Woodward on Sunday.

Martin Gilbert, who is employed at Milroy, is spending some time with his family.

"Suffered day and night the tormen of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Ointment. It cured me permanently."—Hon. John R. Garrett, Mayor, Girard, Ala.—Advt.

IF YOU SHAVE YOURSELF
THIS MEANS YOU

For comfort in shaving your razor must be sharp. "KANNER'S SLIDE STROKE STROPPER" does what no human hand can do. It sharpens and keeps sharp all razors and every kind of safety blades.

It is the only Stropper with the true diagonal stroke. The razor moves up and down and is sharpened from heel to toe.

Can't Cut Strop. Price $2.50
Always after shaving use "Cydonine"
You can get them at

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.
The Rexall Store

LOST IN MOUNTAINS

(Continued from first page)

started off in the darkness. As they tramped on and on Mr. Shaffer's age and rapidly wasting strength began to tell upon him, and finally with a moan of despair he dropped in his tracks in the snow. He could go no farther.

Mr. Hoover, a stranger in that section and also well nigh exhausted by tramping many miles, never hesitated. His exhibition of courage will stand as a monument to his memory for all time to come. Unable to even guess where he was or where he might be heading for, he doggedly plodded on. The reward for this fine display of courage was to be his before he knew it. Not long after Mr. Shaffer dropped helplessly in the snow Mr. Hoover found himself stepping into what proved to be the Penfield Pike. He knew then that a few miles more at the most would bring him to some kind of shelter. Perhaps a mile or so from where he stepped into the pike he saw a light, and heading for this he came to the home of a family. It needed but a few words to explain and rescuers were ready to go out into the mountains to find Mr. Gingery and Mr. Shaffer. The latter was found first. He was revived and the rescuers resumed their search until they came to the Montgomery Hunting Camp. There they found Mr. Gingery. Mr. Gingery and Mr. Hoover returned to their homes on Thursday night, Mr. Shaffer going at the same time to his home in Clearfield.

All Mail Boxes Must be Red.

Harry Rearick, the rural delivery man on one of the routes from the Bellefonte postoffice, will shortly blossom forth with a delivery wagon painted a bright red. At the same time, other rural delivery carriers will appear with wagons similarly painted. Postmaster General Hitchcock has issued orders that everything must be painted red. Delivery wagons, mail boxes and everything of the kind must take on the standard color. The order is general, applying to all sections of the United States. Letters and newspapers already comply with the new order. Are you on?

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the postoffice for the week ending February 1st, 1913: Mrs. George Bailey, Dr. B. Bernharts, Dr. E. M. Bingham (2), Irvin Bierley, Miss E. Brown, Mrs. Gerda De Forest, Edward Donachy, Samuel Freeman, Mirs Roxana Kline, Mrs. Geo. Lentz, Mr. and Mrs. Natho, Mrs. William Packer, William Rickert, D. R. Samuel Rishe, Geo. Roads, F. W. Sunday, G. Trvin, Jack Tonery (2).

When called for pleased say advertised in "The Republican."

DREER'S Seeds Plants Bulbs

The seeds you sow make your garden a success—or a failure.

With Dreer's Dependable Seeds you are assured of success, because they are the result of seventy-five years of experimenting and testing by experts. Only what experience has proved to be the *best* are offered.

Dreer's Diamond Jubilee Garden Book for 1913 contains cultural articles written by experts. It lists every dependable flower and vegetable, has 288 pages with photo-reproductions on every page, four beautiful color plates and six duotone plates.

Call or write for a Copy—free

Henry A. Dreer 714 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOR RENT—Farm. Inquire of James I. Thompson, Lemont, Pa.

LOST—3 shoats; 2 marked with slit in ear. Inqure J. M. Lykens, Benore, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—One and one-fourth miles West of Unionville, on along Tyrone Road. Inquire of B. W. Shipley, Fleming, Pa. 1-9-4t.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free packages Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good pay. All or spare time. No money needed. Department P. 7, 3422 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Big Winter Hotel Burned.

Many Centre Countians who have visited in South Carolina will be interested in the following despatch telling of the destruction by fire last Sunday of the big winter hotel, Park-in-the-Pines, at Aiken, in that State. So rapidly did the flames spread that few of the forty-four guests had time to save any of their personal effects. All, however, escaped without injury. Colonel A. E. Dick, manager of the hotel, was overcome by smoke and was carried unconscious from the building. The loss is estimated at $250,000.

The hotel, a three-story frame structure, contained 177 rooms. The fire discovered just before midday, is believed to have originated in a basement storeroom at the foot of the elevator shaft. It had gained such headway when the alarm was sounded that guests and other persons in the building had to leave hurriedly. Numbers shut off from escapes by the smoke filled halls, left by fire escapes.

Mrs. John W. Nary, of Trenton, N. J., left on her dressing tables about $2,000 worth of jewelry when she and her two daughters were compelled to quit their suite. Several other guests reported large losses of jewelry and clothing.

Deposited by the guests in the office safe was about $2,000 in cash, but so rapid was the spread of the flames that the clerks did not have time to save it, although the safe was open at the time.

A healthy man s a king in his own right; an unhealthy man is an unhappy slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up sound health— keeps you well.—Advt.

LOOK!
HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACH INERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.
Opposite Big Spring
Commercial Phone—Bell Phone, 2073
Bellefonte, Pa.

NO COURT IN TWO YEARS

Pike County Has Not Had a Jury Trial for Long Time; $4000 in Treasury.

Pike county comes forward with the unique boast that its courts have not had a jury trial in nearly two years.

The county jail is empty, there are no cases on the court calendars, either in criminal or civil court, and Judge Charles B. Staples is president judge of the Pike-Monroe district and journeys to Milford, the county seat, every three months to go through the formalities of holding a court where there are no trials.

The county doesn't owe a cent, has no bonds outstanding and brags of $4000 or more in the county treasury, conditions unlike those of few counties or municipalities in the state.

The Pennsylvania Utopia is located in the northeastern section of the state, on the New York and New Jersey boundaries. According to the last visit of the census takers, it has a population of 8033. Milford, its country seat, where stands the courthouse with no court, has 872.

As near as Judge Staples can recollect, the last jury trial in the county court was in June 1911. At that session of court, two cases reached juries. Both were of minor nature, and concluded quickly. That session of court was completed in less than two days after it convened.

There were no trials in 1912, and none thus far this year. On stated occasions, four times a year, Judge Staples goes from Stroudsburg, his home, to Milford to hold court. For the last two years the court's main business has been to hear motions and to grant petitions.

The jury wheel is kept filled, but no names are drawn. As soon as the sheriff of the county learns that there are no cases for trial he puts away the wheel with its list of names until the next court.

Milford, the little county seat, is seven miles from a railroad station. Port Jervis, N. Y., is the nearest railroad point.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

M. C. Gephart, et ux, to Claudius A. Myers, 2 lots in State College; $512.50.

John B. Miller, et ux, to Elery Masden, et al, premises in Liberty township; $2500.

Milton S. McDowell, et ux, to School District of State College, lot in State College; $500.

William D. Custard, et ux, to School District of State College, lot in State College; $600.

Harvey Hoover et al, Admrs, to Richard C. Hoover, 2 tracts in Union township; $480.

John S. Auman, et ux, to John Stoner, tract in Gregg township; $200.

David C. Lingle to A. L. Auman, et al, tract in Gregg township; $250.

A. P. Salada, et al, to W. N. Blauser, tract in Potter township; $1.

Rebecca Lyon to Annie Garland, lot in Rus.. township; $50.

Elizabeth Keller to F. L. Schleifer, lot in Miles township; $475.

Anna M. Thal, et baron, to School District of State College, lot in State College; $525.

Edward M. Griest, et ux, to Clyde A. VanValin, lot in Union township; $150.

Nancy J. Davis, et baron, to Rebecca Swisher, lot in Huston township; $255.

Henry Meyer, et ux, to H. H. Stover, lot in Miles township; $85.

Margaret Godshall, et baron, to P. H. Gentzell, premises in State College; $3800.

Not a Good Way to Treat the Hired Man.

The following is taken from the current issue of Farm and Fireside:

"One day this winter, as I sat by a fire, the thermometer outside almost at zero and the wind blowing, I saw pass my home the hired man of one of my neighbors, with a wagon, going to town for a load of coal.

"This neighbor of mine knows enough farm lore to be a good farmer, and is not a lazy makeshift by any means, but at times he is a very poor manager. He lost enough time last fall, after seeding, to haul an abundance of coal for his winter use, but, instead, was doing something else of little importance. He was now paying for some weight in his coal in the form of snow and ice, to say nothing of enforcing an unnecessary hardship on his hired help and team.

"He has difficulty in keeping good hired help, although he pays good wages. He has no more sympathy for his hired man than for one of his cattle.

"To a certain extent, hired men inform each other of such facts, and this makes it difficult for him to hire at all, except at wages above the average. He cannot hire at any price good men that know him, and he is forced to take the 'leavings,' or men of doubtful character and reputation. His help often become dissatisfied in the midst of a busy season and quit the job when hours count most."

"Suffered day and night the tormen of itching piles. Nothing helped me until I used Doan's Ointment. It cured me permanently."—Hon. John R. Garrett, Mayor, Girard, Ala.—Advt.

Wanted.

In car load lots one million feet white pine in 4 quarter, 5 quarter quarter, and thicker. Address,

LUMBERMAN
11-27-4t. Lock Haven, Pa.

THE MAGIC HORN

Their Dreams Came True

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The road wound sinuously between tall hedges of blackberry and cat brier. Woodbine draped the young locusts along the fence, and in places the wild grape vines had flung tendrils across the intervening space until they formed a green arbor overhead. The sand yielded easily to the tread, and on either side of the road there was a hard beaten footpath. It was a road for slow moving country wagons or for pedestrians and had never known the arrogance of a motorcar.

Rose Lewis lingered under the grapevines where the sun filtered through and cast flickering shadows on her white hat and gown. Beneath the hat's brim her face looked forth as sweet as her namesakes, the wild roses of the hedge. Under her arm was a roll of music, for she had been giving a piano lesson to the smallest Jones girl, and the hour had been one of such excruciating discords that Rose had sought the lane road, hoping that the song of a thrush might obliterate the inharmonious sounds that still rang in her head.

The thrush was singing on a tall wind bent chestnut tree, and as he swayed to and fro, thrilled with the ecstasy of his own song, Rose paused to watch him. When he had ceased and had winged his way to the woods beyond the girl still stood there enchanted by the bird notes from bough and thicket until from the highway that ran through the valley below there came the melody of a horn. Rose had heard it once before. Late at night it had sounded directly under her window, and she had seen the flash of passing lights and the crunch of automobile tires in the road as the machine whizzed past, and the sound had left its impression upon her.

Now she started again as it echoed through the valley, coming nearer, nearer. She knew that if she hurried to the end of the lane road she would see it pass, but she didn't want to see it. Rose Lewis was a dreamer of dreams, and she preferred to delude herself with the fairy tales of her childhood. Now she laughed as she told herself that it was the magic horn of the fairy prince who was coming to rescue her from a thicket of dangerous thorns. She certainly would not go to the end of the road and see her dream shattered by a mud splashed automobile filled with veiled and goggled forms.

The highway crossed the winding lane just below the tree where the thrush had sung. The horn sounded again, coming nearer, its musical chord trembling on the summer air. Then with a crackling rush something big and black invaded the winding road. Rose had barely time to flee into the thorny thicket when there was a loud explosion, and the big machine came to a standstill in front of her, making her a prisoner among the thorns.

From the red leather cushioned seat a solitary man sat and stared at her from behind big goggles until the truth of the situation burst upon him. Then he flung aside cap and goggles, tore off his linen duster and stepped down into the narrow path. His handsome face was wrinkled with concern as he addressed her.

"I'm afraid I nearly ran you down," he said courteously. "If you will allow me to assist you out of this mess of thorns—there, my knife will make it easier—why, your sleeve is torn, and I'm afraid the thorns have wounded you."

Rose was too startled by the suddenness of the accident to make a reply.

At last he cut an opening in the thicket and gently extricated her from the cruel briers that snatched her skirt and pressed against her rounded arms. Here and there on her sleeve was a red stain of blood.

"I hope you will let me administer some remedies. I have a little case in my pocket with everything to allay pain, and—there, if you will roll up your sleeve a little—now, that ought to give you some relief. Briers are nasty things." As he talked he was dabbing at the wounds with bits of absorbent cotton dipped in some antiseptic fluid produced from the medicine case; then he applied an ointment and deftly wound a strip of gauze down the arm to the slender wrist. When he had finished he looked regretfully at his completed work, very much as if he wished he could do it all over again.

"Thank you so much," said Rose shyly. "It could have waited until I reached home. One is often scratched by thorns in the country."

"But I drove you into the thicket, and I am responsible for your injuries," he protested, with a winning smile, as he snapped the little case together and returned it to his pocket. "I'm afraid I frightened you too."

"I was frightened for the moment. You see, one does not expect motorcars in the lane road."

"I should say not!" he ejaculated, as if suddenly aware of his predicament. "It's all the fault of my map. It was creased and broken, and I could not determine whether the road to Cliffden was the first or second turnoff to the left, so I tossed up a coin and took the first, and here I am with a punctured tire and almost hub deep in sand." He gazed mournfully at the car, which quite filled the narrow roadway with its bulk.

"You will need assistance to get it out," suggested Rose. "Mr. Jansen, the blacksmith, does that sort of thing, I am sure."

"Thank you. It is very likely that he can help me put on another tire. I will look him up immediately if you will kindly direct me." He looked eagerly at Rose, hoping that the way to the blacksmith's shop would be her path also.

"You must go back to the highway, and you will find it at the corner of the Cliffden road, about a quarter of a mile beyond here. Oh, may I trouble you for my music roll?" She pointed to the thicket, where the forgotten music roll was half hidden among the weeds.

The stranger assisted her into the path, piloted her beyond the bulk of the machine and then returned to the thicket for the music roll. As he extricated it he could not forbear seeing the name engraved on a little silver plate under the strap.

He gave it to Rose and watched her as she went along the path away from the highroad, in which direction he must go. He did not know that the shorter route to the Lewis home would be to follow the directions she had given him and return to the highway. Rose wanted to be alone for awhile. She wanted to still the beating of her heart and to feel the telltale flush fade from her hot cheeks before she went home. She turned around for an instant, and then something happened that added to her confusion and embarrassment.

When the stranger had thrown away the bits of absorbent cotton they had clung to the blackberry bushes like tufts of snow. Now, as Rose turned she saw two birds—a yellow warbler and his soberly attired little mate—hover over the bushes and then dart down and away with the bits of cotton in their beaks.

Rose fairly ran until she reached a quiet wood road that would take her home. It had been the most exciting day she had ever known. It seemed as if every incident had borne some significance because of her foolish dreams of magic horns and princes.

The man, Neal Hayden, was not unmoved by what had happened. Once when he had been a little lad somebody had sent him a valentine. It pictured a little girl's sweet face peeping from a bower of wild roses, and the picture clung to him all through his boyhood and youth until he had come to believe that when he found his ideal girl she would have the face of his valentine, and she was always wreathed with roses.

The suddenness of seeing the lovely face of Rose Lewis framed in the pink bloom of wild roses had agitated him for the moment, and then to learn from the music roll that her name was Rose set him to dreaming dreams of his own as he slowly sought the services of the blacksmith. He, too, had reddened as the yellow birds had stolen the bits of cotton from the bushes. Every incident had its significance for him also.

The next day there came a big box of pink roses addressed to Rose Lewis, and inside was Hayden's card without an address. He expressed his hope that Rose had suffered no ill effects from her encounter with the thorns. Rose told the story to her mother, and the roses occupied a place of honor on the piano, where Rose found herself softly playing the plaintive minor chord that sounded from the horn of Hayden's automobile.

Often after that Rose heard the sound of the horn as the machine whirled past her home, but several months went by, and as she never saw Neal Hayden again she forbade herself to dream of fairy princes and magic horns and tried to forget the incident which at the time had seemed so astonishing to her. But now, instead of dreaming of imaginary princes, Rose found herself with a real flesh and blood hero, who invaded her dreams and refused to be banished.

Then came a day when she went with her cousins to the big county fair. Here were gathered many fashionable folks from the country estates near by, and here were many men from the city. Neal Hayden was there, too, and when he saw Rose with the Drake Lewises, her cousins, he fairly flew across the intervening space and claimed instant friendship with Drake Lewis, who had been his classmate at college.

After that it was only a question of time before Neal Hayden dared confess his love for Drake Lewis' little country cousin. All through that autumn, when the lane road was turning to a path of crimson and gold, Hayden was seeking for words in which to tell his love. Then one day when the wind was shaking the leaves down in golden showers Rose walked in the lane road and saw Neal Hayden coming toward her.

She waited, looking lovelier than ever in her white knitted coat and white wool cap. Just before they met the same breeze that sent her golden hair in little wisps about her ears shook a dogwood tree, and from the branches there tumbled the cunningly woven nest of a yellow warbler. From it there fluttered bits of white cotton and shreds of the blue paper which Hayden had thrown away.

The empty nest fell to the ground between them, and their eyes met above it, and Neal suddenly was aware that he need not say anything. His eyes had asked the question, hers had answered it, and their dreams had come true.

Solitary Confinement.

The punishment which replaced the death penalty in Italy—namely, life imprisonment with solitary confinement—is considered to be much worse than death itself. Murderers sentenced to life imprisonment invoke death to end their sufferings. Isolation, complete in the very sense of the word—enforced idleness, lack of exercise and sufficient food and continual surveillance in a cell so small as to almost render any movement impossible—such is the fate of a murderer in Italy. Solitary confinement lasts for five long years, sometimes for ten, but convicts can hardly bear it for more than six months. Invariably they are insane long before the term expires, and often they commit suicide. The fear of solitary confinement acts as a preventive to murder as much as and perhaps much more than that of capital punishment. It is quite true that the cases of murder have not diminished to any great extent in Italy since the abolition of the death penalty; but, on the other hand, they have not increased.—Chicago News.

German Justice.

A curious illustration of the principle of responsibility abroad is afforded by a civil damage suit growing out of the breaking of a plate glass window in a German town. A witness had testified as follows:

"As I was passing down the street in front of the window I saw a big stone come whirling through the air. I did not know whence it came. I saw it coming through the air, and I had just time enough to dodge to save myself from being hit by it."

The witness was sharply questioned upon the point whether the stone that broke the window would have struck him had he not dodged it. He was then dismissed. Eventually the decision of the magistrate was this:

"Inasmuch as if the witness had not unfortunately ducked his head the glass would not have been struck by the stone, he is hereby adjudged responsible for the breaking of the window and is ordered to pay to the owner the value of the same."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Bees Stick to One Flower.

It is usually supposed, especially by the poets, that bees sip sweets indiscriminately from many a flower.

He woos the Poppy and weds the Peach,
Inveigles Daffydowndilly;
And then, a deserter, abandons each
For the petals of the Lily.

The seasons appear rather mixed in the verse, which in other respects, however, reflects the popular belief about bees. It is far from being the true one.

All bees, including the honey bee, show a strong tendency in collecting both nectar and pollen to be constant to one species of flower. This is manifestly for the advantage of both insects and flowers. In the case of a number of bees flying for only a small part of the season this habit has become so specialized that they visit only one or a few allied species of flowers which offer an abundance of pollen and nectar.—London Post.

Moving Pictures In Japan.

The Japanese take the moving picture with the seriousness befitting the national character. They enjoy it thoroughly, but they like it best when it makes them sad. The favorite theme is the allegorical play that represents the warrior fighting for righteousness. Next in popularity comes the pathetic picture. The strictly educational film is also popular, and there is always applause for good scenery. But the love story is never represented in the Japanese moving picture. It would be an outrage to modesty and a violation of decency and therefore intolerable. Pictures derogatory to the dignity of officials and of policemen are forbidden, as well as those likely to instill revolutionary ideas in the minds of the young.

A Dangerous Precedent.

The best case which I have seen of law versus justice and common sense is one which Montaigne relates as having happened in his own day. Some men were condemned to death for murder. The judges were then informed by the officers of an inferior court that certain persons in their custody had confessed themselves guilty of the murder in question and had told so circumstantial a tale that the fact was placed beyond all doubt. Nevertheless it was deemed so bad a precedent to revoke a sentence and show that the law could err that the innocent men were delivered over to execution.—London Graphic.

By Comparison.

"Say, mamma, my teacher 'd make a bully highwayman!" exclaimed a boy as he rushed in from school.

"Why, Freddy, what in the world do you mean?" inquired his astonished mother.

"Why, she's always telling the children to 'hold up their hands.'"—Judge's Library.

Took the Count.

"Bobby, you have been fighting with that Stapleton boy again. Did you count ten before you struck him, as I have always told you to do?"

"No, but I was told that somebody counted ten after he landed on me."—Chicago Tribune.

A Woman's Age.

Guest—Delightful party you are having tonight, old fellow. Host—Yes, I am giving it to my wife. It is the twelfth anniversary of her thirtieth birthday.—Harper's Bazar.

Millions of money are not better than millions of grains of sand at the gate of Eternity

The Main Thing About
FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred Accident Insurance company o New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa.

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

IF YOU ARE ILL

from any disorder of the STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEYS, or if your bowels are inactive at times, or you should suffer from headaches, get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARKS of your druggist. If you are run down and don't feel as young and chipper as you used to, give SEVEN BARKS a fair trial; it will purify your blood, clear your system and brain, and make life worth living. It is absolutely harmless, is highly palatable, and will not disturb the most delicate stomach.

For sale at druggists at 50 cents per bottle. Don't fail to try it. Address LYMAN BROWN, 65 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

EDW. K. RHOADS

At his yard opposite the P. R. R. Passenger Station, sells only,
BEST QUALITIES
—(OF)—
ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS
COALS
Also, All Kinds of
Wood, Grain, Hay, Straw and Sand.
superior Screenings for Lime Burning.
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TELEPHONE CALLS:
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To The Ladies!

Mrs. Bertha Rupp is having a Complete Line of Famous and Perfect Fitting, for all figures,
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and will be glad to have the ladies call and be fitted.
Prices $1.00 and Upward
Mrs. Bertha Rupp
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Increase Your Crops
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Some Farmers have actually doubled their crops by the use of "H. O."

Drill it for quick results, if you are not Getting Results use "H. O." Lime.

We are the Largest Manufactures of LIME in Pennsylvania Ground Limestone and Lime for all purposes. Write for literature on Lime.

Works at Frankstown, Spring Meadows, Bellefonte, Tyrone Forge, and Union Station.

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Write for Literature on Lime. Office:—TYRONE, PA.

Our Financial Security!

will appeal to all conservative business men. If you will investigate our resources and standing as a fiscal institution you will see why you can invest your money with perfect confidence in this institution.

Bellefonte Trust Company.
Allegheny Street, - - - Bellefonte, Pa.

When Doggie Has a Fit.

"If your dog takes a fit, throw him in a tub of water and credit yourself with a dollar and a half," quoth a Cameron avenue dog fancier who has been scorched for that amount, writes the Tyrone correspondent of the Altoona "Tribune." The story has leaked out that "Mike" on Sunday last keeled over in a spasm and executed some gymnastics unbecoming a respectable canine. Bill hurriedly summoned an expert but the dog had come around all right and was in a playful frame of mind when the wise doctor arrived on the scene. After complimenting the animal on his nice coat and markings he remarked that a dog taking a fit should be given the Baptist cure and that his bill was $1.50. It is a trade secret, but Bill shelled out willingly and out of the goodness of his heart shares the knowledge with his brother readers.

Mrs. E. E. Weiser Dead.

Mrs. Emerson E. Weiser, of Altoona, anative of Spring Mills, whose maiden name was Miss Jennie Decker, died at the Mercy hospital in Altoona last Thursday morning, of heart disease, aged 27 years. Besides her husband, she leaves one sister and five brothers. Interment was made at Spring Mills on Saturday.

Stop That Itch!

I will guarantee you to stop that itch in two seconds.

No remedy that I have ever sold for Eczema, Psoriasis, and all other diseases of the skin has given more thorough satisfaction than the

D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema

I guarantee this remedy.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

HIS FRIEND'S FIANCEE

A Man Was Saved From a Woman's Toils and a Friendship Broken

By EDWARD COMPTON

"What can I do for you, Mr. Dillon?"

The question was asked by a young man of an old one who had called upon him at his bachelor rooms. The two seated themselves, and Mr. Dillon explained his visit.

"You are my son's most intimate friend, John, and have more influence over him than any other man. Jim has come to a crisis in his life and is likely to be wrecked. I wish you to try to save him."

"You mean his infatuation for Clara Markland?"

"I do. I am convinced that she wishes to marry him for what he will inherit from me; that she cares nothing for him; that as his wife she will be constantly encouraging the attentions of other men, and in the end there will be a divorce, he being obliged to pay her a very large alimony."

"Why do you not make it known to the lady that you will disinherit him if he marries her?"

"Such a course would make a breach between him and me. He is my only child, and we have always been friends as well as father and son. In anything else than an infatuation for a woman he would do as I might ask. The only way to handle this case is to convince him beyond a doubt that the woman is fooling him, and I appeal to you to accomplish that if possible."

John Turner sat in deep thought for awhile, then said:

"You are asking me to make a breach between Jim and me, but since it is far better that it should occur between him and me than between his father and himself I will do what I can in the matter, but my experience is that one who interferes between a man and the woman he loves or a girl and the man she loves gets himself disliked without securing the desired end. I will, however, try to form a plan by which I may show Jim the woman's character without his being aware that I know she is the woman he loves. He has asked me to go with him to call upon her, but I have always put him off with some excuse. She has never seen me, which will give me an advantage. This is all I can say to you at present. If I save Jim from an unfortunate marriage, even at the expense of our friendship, I shall rejoice. Besides, I would gladly serve his father."

Mr. Dillon rose, pressed Turner's hand and left him with thanks for the spirit in which he had received his request. Dillon, whose inventive faculties seemed to need the stimulant of tobacco, lighted a pipe and sat down to think upon what he considered a problem, the solution of which was almost hopeless.

One afternoon not long after the interview between Mr. Dillon and John Turner the latter telephoned his friend Jim to meet him at their club for dinner. He hoped Jim would not fail him, since he had a communication to make of a confidential nature. Dillon, who had no engagement with his fiancee for that evening, promised to be present, and at the appointed hour the two met in the club lounging room.

"What is it, old man?" asked Dillon.

"I'm in love," replied Turner.

"Good; there's an additional bond of union between us. You now know how I feel, and we can sympathize with each other. Who is she?"

"The loveliest woman on the face of the earth."

"There I must differ with you," smiled Jim. "I happen to be engaged to the loveliest woman on earth myself."

"When you see the one I refer to you will acknowledge yourself mistaken."

"Well, well; we won't quarrel about that. Tell me of her."

"She is confiding and gentle, but withal strong in honesty."

"She must be Clara Markland's twin sister."

"She is no woman's twin sister. There may be double stars in the firmament of the heavens, but the woman who has honored me with her regard is a central sun."

"You're enthusiastic, John. What a change from the man who received the announcement of my engagement so coldly! You've caught the fever yourself, my boy, and know now what a fiery disease it is. But you haven't told me the lady's name."

"Nor can I at present."

"Why?"

"Because we are not engaged."

"But you will be. Besides, there's no harm in telling a chum that you love a certain woman. On the contrary, you are paying her a compliment."

"There is harm in telling any friend that a certain woman is considering whether or no she will accept an offer of marriage from me."

"You should certainly marry an honorable woman. Your own sense of honor is too keen to be practical."

"It is that high sense of honor inborn in the woman I love which makes me honorable. It is understood between us that neither shall say anything to involve the other till I have her final answer. If I supposed it possible for you to discover whom I refer to I should never hold up my head again."

The two friends while at dinner and during the evening spent the time each eulogizing the woman he loved, and when they parted Jim exacted a promise that John would introduce him to his love just as soon as an engagement had taken place between them.

"By the bye," he added, "when are you going with me to call on Clara?"

"After my return from a business trip I must take within a day or two. I have only one evening before my departure that could be applied in this way, and you know with whom I would be likely to spend it."

"I certainly do."

John Turner did not report himself to his friend Dillon as back from his journey for several weeks when one morning he appeared in the latter's office, his exuberant manner somewhat changed. He made no reference to his love affair till Jim asked him about it, then said that there was a hitch. The young lady was in great tribulation over it. By keeping it secret she had hoped to gain time in which to win the approval of her father to the match. But thus far she had failed. He was in favor of her marrying another man, one who was the prospective heir to a fortune. "She loves me," John added mournfully, "but she and her father are very close. She can't bear to disappoint him. Besides, she is one of those persons who are prone to act for the good of others at their own expense."

"Who's your rival?" asked Jim.

"That I don't know. The lady would not be justified in telling me."

"How do you know she really loves you?"

"While I trust her implicitly, I must admit that I have no other proof than her word that she does."

Jim mentioned the call they were to make together, but John felt so despondent about his own affair that he begged off till something definite in it should have been reached.

One day John told Jim that he had persuaded his love to accept a ring from him. It was to be an engagement ring if they became engaged, and if they were not engaged the lady insisted upon its return. John asked his friend to go with him to a jeweler and assist in the selection of the gift. Jim did not quite understand how a woman so sensitively honorable as his friend's lady love had been described could accept a ring under the circumstances. Nevertheless the case seemed to be a peculiar one, and he understood from John that he regarded the gift as a possible stepping stone to an engagement.

The two friends visited a jeweler in company, and the ring selected was one that Turner especially fancied. There were two diamonds held in the fangs of a snake. Dillon condemned the ring as entirely inappropriate to the occasion. But Turner's heart seemed set on it, and he bought it. He left it with the jeweler to have the lady's initials engraved in it, explaining to his friend that, his own mind being made up, this was allowable. When the lady made up her mind to take him his own initials could be put in.

Soon after the purchase of the ring Turner told Dillon that he had received permission to take him to call on the lady of his love. Dillon gladly accepted the invitation.

When they went up the steps of the dwelling, to which Turner led the way, Dillon stopped and exclaimed:

"For heaven's sake, John, what does this mean?"

"It means," was the reply, "that this is the house where lives the woman who has admitted that she loves me."

Dillon had run up the steps and pushed the bell. Before Jim could speak again the door was opened by a servant. John waited for Jim to enter, then went in himself. Clara Markland was seated in the drawing room. At seeing the two men she paled. Then she tried to slip from her finger a ring. But before she could do so her fiance had seen it and recognized the gift he had seen when his friend had bought it.

It was an impressive tableau—the woman who feared that she had lost an advantageous match, the undeceived lover and the man who had played the game.

"I now see, John," said Dillon in an icy tone, "why you fancied the two diamonds in the fangs of a serpent."

"Well, gentlemen," said Miss Markland, "how does it happen that you two call together?"

"I leave it to my friend to make the explanation," said Dillon. "I had no idea that he was taking me to call on my fiancee."

"Since whatever motive," said Turner, "that I may have had has been accomplished—namely, to prove to a deceived man his deception—I am not needed here. I leave you two together to make up this little difference."

The difference the lady succeeded in making up, which meant an enmity on the part of her lover for his chum. When Dillon next met Turner he passed him without speaking to him. Dillon married Miss Markland, and so long as a small fortune left him by his mother lasted she used it to float herself in the fashionable world. Meanwhile Mr. Dillon, Sr., died and left his estate in Turner's hands in trust for his son, to be paid him on certain conditions. When Dillon's means were exhausted his wife left him. Then one day he called on Turner to ask his forgiveness.

Turner told him that he was permitted by his father's will to pay him any money of which his wife could reap no benefit.

The friendship that was interrupted during this period of young Dillon's marriage became closer than ever. As to the woman, she drifted away from both of them.

The Pagoda on the Balanced Rock.

One of the curious sights of Burma is a huge bowlder on Kelasa heights that rests in delicate poise on the very brink of a rounded cliff. So unstable is the equilibrium that the rock trembles in the wind. Very naturally this odd freak has attracted the attention of the superstitious natives, who look upon it as a miraculous work of the gods. They believe that the rock is held in place by a hair of Buddha. Hence they have clambered to the top of the rock and built there a pagoda which is about twenty-five feet in height. Should the bowlder ever fall, as is quite likely to happen, and dash to death a handful of worshipers the blind faith of the devout people would not be shaken, for in the catastrophe, no doubt, they would see but a manifestation of divine wrath at some unconscious sin of commission or omission.

A Quaint Costume.

The Thames waterman of a former day was bound by a number of restrictions. He was the first public servant to wear a uniform. "Long before England's army and navy wore any distinguishing garb," writes Guy Nickalls, "Thames watermen were known by their uniform and badge, a plaited coat, knee breeches and stockings and hat according to fashion, but always a plate on the arm, either of the Waterman's hall, to denote that they had the freedom of the river and were licensed, or the badge of their employer. Any person rowing or working any boat, wherry or other vessel who had not served seven years as apprentice incurred a penalty of £10."—London Globe.

Arabian Snuff.

Snuff in Arabia is not used as it is with us, although one occasionally sees a snuffer, but the snuff is ordinarily made into a pill of about the size of a robin's egg and is placed between the lower front lip and the teeth. This manner of using snuff is common among the laboring class, and almost every coolie that is met in the street has his lower lip puffed out by a ball of snuff behind it. Arabian snuff is prepared out of the ordinary powdered tobacco, unrefined sugar and potash.

A Famous Bell.

On the watchtower of the Vela, at the Alhambra, Spain, there is a silver toned bell which the Moslems rang as a signal to let on the water in the gardens and the fountain in the city below. Its sound can be heard at Liza, thirty miles away. The maiden who strikes it is sure of a husband before the year is out and of a good one if she rings loud enough. On certain fete days it is lively for the bell.

The Secret Out.

"Why are taxes so high this year?" demanded the indignant citizen.

"Will you consider it confidential if I tell you why?" whispered the clerk in the county treasurer's office.

"Yes, sir."

"We need the money."—Chicago Tribune.

Good Guess.

Ethel—Maud was talking about you before you came in. What do you think she said? Gussie—Really I haven't an idea! Ethel—Good guess! That's just what she did say.

Influence on Life.

People generally are what they are made by education and company between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five.—Chesterfield.

Gain not base gains. Base gains are the same as losses.—Hesiod.

True Greatness.

Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things.—George Macdonald.

Literary Item.

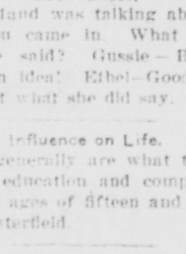
"Does your husband do any work around the house?"

"Nothing except split a few infinitives."—Indianapolis News.

Nothing Mean There.

"I say, Uncle Jack, I dreamed you gave me half a crown last night."

"Did you, me boy? Well, you can keep it."—London Tatler.



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Each of some 6,000 newspapers of the United States is publishing from week to week, names of people in its particular neighborhood, who have used and recommended Doan's Kidney Pills for kidnew backache, weak kidneys, bladder troubles and urinary disorders. This mass of proof includes over 30,000 testimonials. Bellefonte is no exception. Here is one of the Bellefonte cases.

James H. Rine, 239 W. High St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly a wonderful kidney remedy. Ten years ago I first used them and at that time I told in a public statement of the benefit they brought. That statement still holds good. I have urged my friends to try Doan's Kidney Pills and in every case where my advice has been followed, relief has been had from kidney trouble. Whenever I hear anyone complaining of kidney disorders, I advise a trial of Doan's Kidney Pills, knowing that they will have a good effect."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Jerry Johnsonbaugh Dead.

Jerry Johnsonbaugh died on Tuesday of last week at Braddock following an attack of paralysis. He was born about 70 years ago at Oak Hall. A widow and four children and three brothers and sisters survive: William, Charles, James, John, Albert and Prof. George Johnsonbaugh; Mrs. William Collins, of Pine Grove Mills, and Mrs. Henry Norman, of Fillmore, are sisters. Interment was made at Braddock on Thursday. Deceased was a Civil war veteran and served in General Beaver's regiment.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man is an unhappy slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up sound health— keeps you well.—Advt.

THE NEW YEAR

that finds you without some money in bank will not be for you the happy and prosperous year we wished you last week. Money does not make one happy, but the need of it makes one miserable. Let us start you in the good habit of saving.

The First National Bank,
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That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

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We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall. 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	† 6.38	.....	† 2.12
	Stevens	† 6.43	.....	† 2.17
	Hunters Park	† 6.46	.....	† 2.21
	Fillmore	† 6.50	† 10.34	† 2.26
	Briarly	† 6.55	.....	† 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	† 7.12	.....	† 2.56
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	† 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	† 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.40	.....	.....
	Strubles	† 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	† 5.03
	Krumrine	† 8.07	.....	† 5.09
	Waddles	8. 0	1.10	† 5.25
	Briarly	† 8.4	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	† 8.8	1.18	† 5.38
	Hunters Park	† 8.31	.....	† 5.40
	Stevens	† 8.35	.....	† 5.40
	Morris	† 8.37	.....	† 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	1.30	† 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	1.50	† 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven a nd Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Here and There.

Merv Betz, of Marion township, was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

John Weber, of Howard, was a business visitor in town between trains on Tuesday.

Mrs. Surfass and Miss Surfass, of State College, are spending a few days at the Bush House.

Miss Elizabeth Morris entertained the Misses Johnson, of Tyrone, during the Academy dance.

Mrs. Charles Gilmour and Miss Magill were hostesses at a one-o'clock luncheon on Saturday, last.

Mrs. F. Potts Green and Miss Emma Green entertained at flinch on Friday evening of last week.

James B. Cook visited over Sunday here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook, of West Linn Street.

Mrs. A. O. Furst entertained at dinner, followed by flinch, at her home on West Linn Street, on Monday evening.

Mrs. Harry Keller entertained at dinner on Thursday evening of last week, the honor guest being Mrs. Wallace H. Gephart.

Mrs. G. E. Hawes returned home on Friday night, last, following a very delightful visit with friends in the western part of the State.

Miss Daisy Keichline on Monday evening very delightfully entertained a number of her friends at her home, on East Bishop Street.

Colonel and Mrs. W. Fred Reynolds entertained at dinner before the assembly on Tuesday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Wallace H. Gephart.

Mrs. Archibald Saxe, of Scranton, is visiting in Bellefonte with Mr. and Mrs. G. Edward Harper. She will remain for probably two weeks.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings, who has been spending the winter in Harrisburg, arrived in Bellefonte yesterday and will visit for a few days with Mrs. J. L. Spangler.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider are expected to arrive home tomorrow or Saturday from Elizabeth, N. J., where they have been visiting with their daughter, Mrs. Charles K. Rath.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Blanchard arrived in Bellefonte on Sunday and now are established in the Blanchard home on West Linn Street. A part of their honeymoon tour was spent in Panama.

Mrs. Florence Dale and daughter, Miss Virginia Dale, departed on Tuesday for Philadelphia, where they will remain for an indefinite period. Miss Virginia Dale will enter Drexel Institute, in that city.

The Bellefonte Chapter, D. A. R., on Saturday, last, called on Mrs. Tom Thumb at the Brockerhoff House and presented her with flowers, she being a Daughter, a member of the Fishkill-on-the-Hudson Chapter.

The second of the series of assemblies of the Bellefonte Cotillion Club was held on Tuesday evening in the Town Hall and proved to be a most enjoyable function. The next assembly will not be held until the close of the Lenten season.

W. L. Daggett returned home last week from Wellsboro, Tioga County, greatly improved in health, the climate there evidently proving just the tonic needed to restore him to his usually cheery disposition.

The February meeting of the Bellefonte Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, will be held at the Bush House, the hostess being Mrs. W. L. Daggett. The entertainment committee have secured Professor Crockett, of State College, to talk on "Writers of the Revolutionary Period."

Rev. John Hewitt returned home on Saturday, last, following a very enjoyable visit with his son, Charley, who is in charge of quite an extensive street railway system in DesMoines, Iowa. Mrs. Hewitt did not accompany her husband home, concluding to remain in DesMoines for a few weeks longer.

Quite a large house party was entertained from Thursday until Monday at the Fraternity House of the Bellefonte Academy. The guests were in Bellefonte for the annual football dance given by the Academy on Thursday night, last, in the Armory. The function was the most successful of the kind ever held by the Academy.

Our old soldier friend, William E. Tate, of near Centre Hall, was a welcome caller at this office on Thursday of last week. Mr. Tate has a host of friends in Centre County, including the editor of "The Republican", who would like Congressman Patton to arrange to have Uncle Sam do the right thing in the way of a pension in keeping with his needs.

William H. Wasson, of Nittany, who is one of our regular readers, was a genial visitor to this office on Thursday of last week. Mr. Wasson is an old-time Republican. Like some more of us, he hopes the Democratic program of higher wages and lower prices will turn up as promised, but will believe it when he sees it. Mr. Wasson is still to be convinced that the millennium has been entrusted to the Democratic party.

The dinner and dance given by Mrs. G. Murry Andrews last Thursday night for Misses Christina Wilkie and Lizzie Wilson of Belfast, Ireland, was a pleasing success. There were about 85 invited guests present. Deitricks well known orchestra furnished the music. The dinner was prepared by Miss Wilkie and the prettily decorated tables were greatly admired. These two young ladies have made many friends since coming to this country.

Word was received in Bellefonte several days ago from Mrs. Mary Mason, 116 North May Street, Chicago, stating that Thomas Garber, who had boarded at her home for a number of years, had been killed on January 10th. The letter requested that inquiry be made here to accertain whether Mr. Garber might have lived in this neighborhood in early life. It was set forth that the accident resulting in his death was of such a character that a suit for damages could easily be sustained. Mrs. Mason explained that Mr. Garber had at times spoken of having resided years ago nearby the Riddles, the Kelleys, the Fishers and the Woods', and other families equally well known. It developed that he was a brother of Mrs. Edward Woods and that he had gone west from this locality quite a number of years ago.

Miss Mary Meek and George R. Meek departed on Tuesday for Philadelphia.

"The Little Princess," presented by Bellefonte High School students, made a hit with the audience in Garman's Opera House on Tuesdaay evening.

Philip Barnhart and William Schmidt have become quite proficient in sending and receiving wireless messages and are able to translate them accurately.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Lutheran church will hold a fair in Petriken Hall on February 21 and 22. All kinds of aprons, home made candies, pies and cakes and fancy work for sale.

Miss Margaret McFarland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kyle McFarland, was this week operated on for appendicitis at the Bellefonte hospital, at which institution she is a nurse-in-training.

William Stewart and sister, Miss Margaret Stewart, arrived home this week. They had planned visiting an uncle in Virginia, but found his home town quarantined owing to smallpox.

Mrs. W. H. Musser, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. George H. Woods, of Pine Grove Mills, are in Altoona, visiting with their sister, Mrs. Lide Meek, who has been ill but who at this time is much improved.

The marriage of Miss Louise McClellan, of this place, and G. H. James, of Tyrone, was solemnized in Bellefonte yesterday. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McClellan and has a host of friends who wish her evry happiness.

Mrs. Mary A. Bauers, mother of Mrs. Julia Walsh, of this place, died on Thursday of last week at her late home in Detroit, Michigan. The remains were brought to Williamsport for interment there on Monday. Mrs. Bauers was aged 72 years and was a sister-in-law of the late Nicholas Bauers, of Bellefonte. Owing to illness Mrs. Walsh was unfortunately unable to go to Williamsport for the funeral.

The Bellefonte Academy basketball team last week scored two fine victories, the losing teams being those of Dickinson Seminary and the DuBois High School On Friday evening, in the local gymnasium, the Academy easily defeated Dickinson Seminary 41—18. On Saturday afternoon, on the same floor, the DuBois High School five went down to defeat, the score being 54 to 30. This was the first visit to Bellefonte by the DuBois team and the boys put up a very creditable game. Exceptionally fast team work by the Academy enabled the local five to get away with both games.

An important business change of interest took place the latter part of last week. George T. Bush, who has had a Stationery, Photo and Post Card Store in the Bush Arcade for the last 24 years, will retire from the mercantile business and to do so will have to dispose of the most of his extensive stock of everything he has by April 1st, when the room will be occupied and the balance of the stationery stock taken over by Mr. Jacob Finklestine, who will remove the balance of his large racket store stock down to the Arcade, and will continue the Stationary, Photo and Post Card business along with the Racket Store lines he has heretofore carried. Mr. Bush's store will be much more extensively shelved. Mr. Bush's and Mr. Pinklestine's sales are bonafide clearing out sales. Mr. Bush will after April 1st have an office in the rear of the present store room from which he will look after as before the extensive real estate interests of Mrs. Louise Bush and conduct a brokerage business in general real estate, insurance and investments, handling loans and mortgages

GAVE FINE CONCERT

Bellefonte Choral Society in Pleasing Entertainment.

An evening of music, would be one way of describing the concert given by the Bellefonte Choral Society on Monday evening, last. A better way would be to say that it was an evening of especially good music—music of the kind that everybody loves to hear and the sweet strains of which linger pleasantly in the memory long after the curtain is down and the stage deserted.

The audience, while not as large as was merited, was a deeply appreciative one and the numerous recalls amply rewarded and testified to the ability of the several participants and the thoroughness with which Miss Mary Bradley, the director, had prepared for the event. The cause was a most worthy one, the proceeds being devoted to St. John's Episcopal church.

There were so many particularly good features in the well arranged program that enumeration of any one or two or three would seem almost out of place in any brief report of the concert. The one out-of-town participant, Miss Dorothy M. Bible, was especially pleasing with her several renditions on the violin. While a mere child in point of years, she plays the violin with all the skill of the veteran, displaying a wonderful control of the instrument and carrying her audience sympathetically with her from start to finish of each number. Her solos and accompaniments were captivating and won for her a firm place in the hearts of all who were so fortunate as to be in Monday night's audience. In addition to Miss Bible the soloists were Mrs. R. Russel Blair, Mr. Paul Epwright, Mr. R. Russel Blair and Mr. William Bemus. Mr. Epwright, and Mr. Bemus are Bellefonte Academy students. The former is a cellist of no little ability, while Mr. Bemus possesses a rich baritone voice. Mrs. Blair was at her best in a little song, with violin accompaniment, given in response to a generous round of applause to her rendition of a regular number on the program. Mr. Blair's pleasing voice won for him liberal applause.

Parent-Teachers Meeting.

A meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association will be held in the High School building on Tuesday evening, next, at 8 o'clock.

TIMELY HEALTH HINTS

(continued from page 1)

be removed from the premises. The householder must set a vessel out to receive the milk and the person delivering the milk must hand his container to the quarantine guard who in turn must pour it into the householder's vessel without having the two containers come in contact. No one in the infected premises must touch the vessel to be taken away by the milkman.

All communication between quarantined persons and the public must be by word of mouth and never written.

When premises from which milk is sold are quarantined for smallpox the sale of milk can be continued only when the herd is removed to some other premises and the milk cared for and sold from such other premises and persons not of the infected household. Quarantine shall be continued in all cases of smallpox until release is ordered by the County Medical Inspector.

School exclusion shall continue thirty days after disinfection of the premises. The Health Officer's certificate of disinfection will be required for re-admission. —THE PUBLICITY COMMITTEE OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

NEW HEALTH RULES

Council Adopts Ordinance Drafted by Board of Health.

One would have been justified in supposing that Monday night's regular meeting of the borough Council was instead a banquet in honor of that body, for with a single exception every member was present. Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff was the one absentee, and he happened to be on his way to Panama. James D. Seibert, the newly elected member, was present and sworn in, and his presence helped a lot. Councilman Paul D. Sheffer was also on hand. The old stand-bys were in their places and the long table presented an inspiring scene during the consideration of business. It was, in fact, the most largely attended meeting held by Council for a long time. Mr. Seibert was named to serve on the several committees of which his predecessor, Oscar Yerger, had been a member.

The adoption of an ordinance embodying rules and regulations for the new Board of Health constituted the most important business before the meeting. The Board of Health recently organized with John Blanchard as president and H. C. Quigley as secretary. The latter appeared before Council and explained that the ordinance submitted had the approval of the Board of Health, also that the latter body desired an appropriation of $200, or as such thereof as might be necessary for the coming year.

Regarding the number of smallpox cases in town Mr. Quigley explained that the facts, as conveyed to the Board of Health, were at variance with the numerous and conflicting rumors about town. Gossip has fixed the number of cases at any where from twenty to sixty. Accurate reports compiled by the Board of Health show that on Monday night there were within the borough limits exactly six houses under quarantine, with eight persons ill from smallpox in these homes. There are a number of additional cases of smallpox at points nearby town. These, however, do not come under the supervision of the local Board of Health. The latter body has named Dr. S. M. Huff as medical inspector and Chief of Police Dukeman as health officer.

Rigid enforcement of quarantine rules was a point discussed at some length. Reference was made to one patient who for a time ignored quarantine regulations and necessitated the employment of a nurse. The latter is being employed at $5 per day. While no one at the meeting seemed to anticipate any general spreading of the disease, the wisdom of establishing a pest house in the event of an epidemic was given some consideration. It was stated that such a building could be located adjacent to the hospital and patients placed in charge of nurses who are immune from the disease. Should there be any occasion to erect such a building an appropriation for the same would at once be asked from the Legislature, now in session at Harrisburg.

Before adjourning Council ordered notes drawn for $1000 and $2000, each for one year, at 5%, and one note of $1500, for three months, also at 5%. The first two notes are to take up notes maturing, while the third is to take care of current expenses until revenues are secured from water collections, etc.

Guardsmen for Inauguration.

General orders have been issued from National Guard headquarters at Harrisburg announcing the places in Washington where the Pennsylvania organization which will represent this State at the inauguration will be quartered. The First and Fourth Infantry regiments with the companies of the Eighth and Thirteenth Infantry regiments assigned to the Fourth for this occasion, will be quartered in convention hall, Fifth and K Streets, and the Tenth Infantry and Engineer Company A in the building lately occupied by the United States Civil Service Commission at Eighth and E Streets. Strong efforts are being made to have Company L, of Bellefonte, assigned to the inauguration.

THE LAST DAY

For our big reduction sale in Clothing--Still plenty selection--your last opportunity for large saving in clothes of highest character, true worth and unapproachable style--Do not let this sale pass without participating in these unusual savings.

CLEAN UP SHIRT SALE

$1.00 $1.50 $2.00 Shirts from our Stocks--soft pleated bosom, some slightly mussed or soiled from handling; excellently made, elegant material and best making. A clean up price **79c**.

Stiff bosom shirts $1.00 $1.50 and $2.00 some in neat colors, mostly patters not so desirable--all of unusual good worth but they must go to clean up this sale at **35c**.

Sim The Clothier

ALLEGHENY STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Montgomery's

Big Once A Year Overcoat Event

Just nine days left of our extraordinary sale of Winter Overcoats. After next Saturday, February 15, you may look in vain for the overcoat you have in mind to get, that's here now as such a bargain. For that's our way. No continuous performance, largely because the coats don't linger long enough to play a part.

$40	Coats	Now	**$28.00**
$30	"	"	**$22.00**
$25	"	"	**$18.00**
$22	"	"	**$16.00**
$20	"	"	**$15.00**
$18	"	"	**$13.00**
$15	"	"	**$11.00**
$12	"	"	**$ 8.50**

Just like buying government bonds below par. Don't miss it.

Montgomery & Co.

Correct Attire For Man & Boy Bellefonte, Pa.